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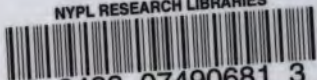
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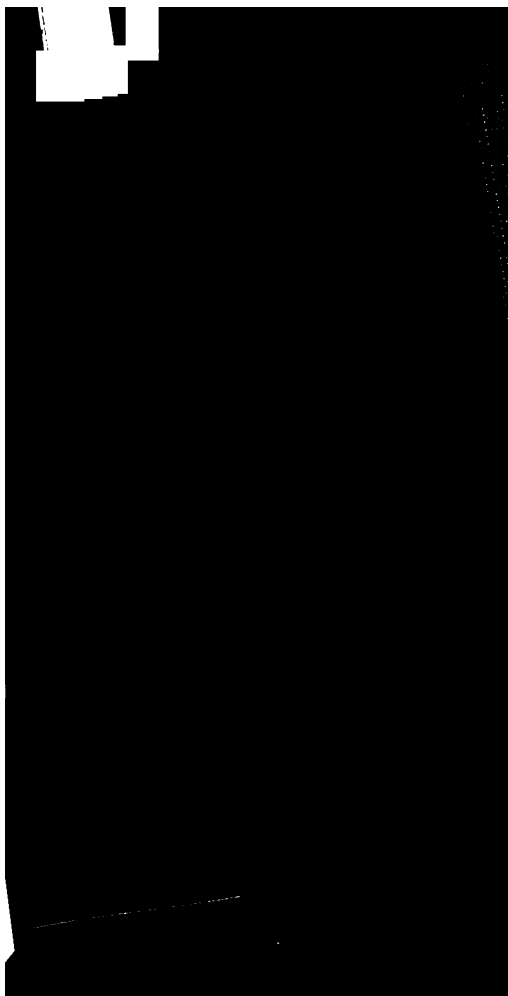
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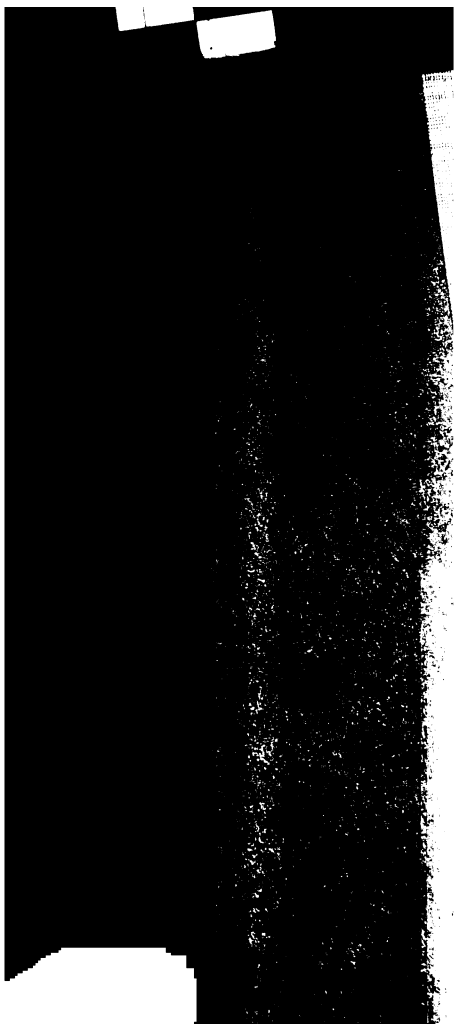
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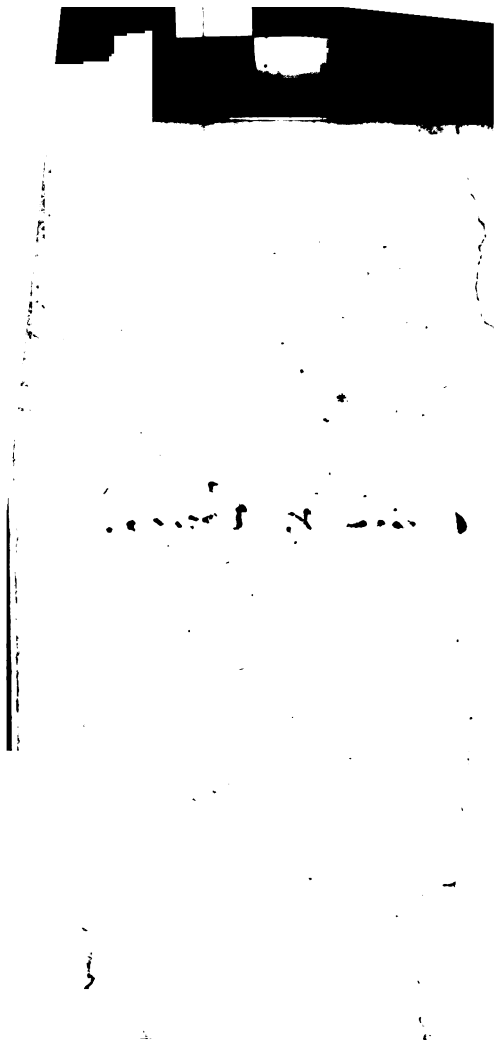


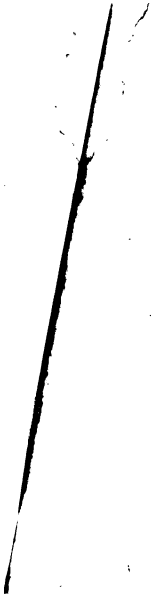
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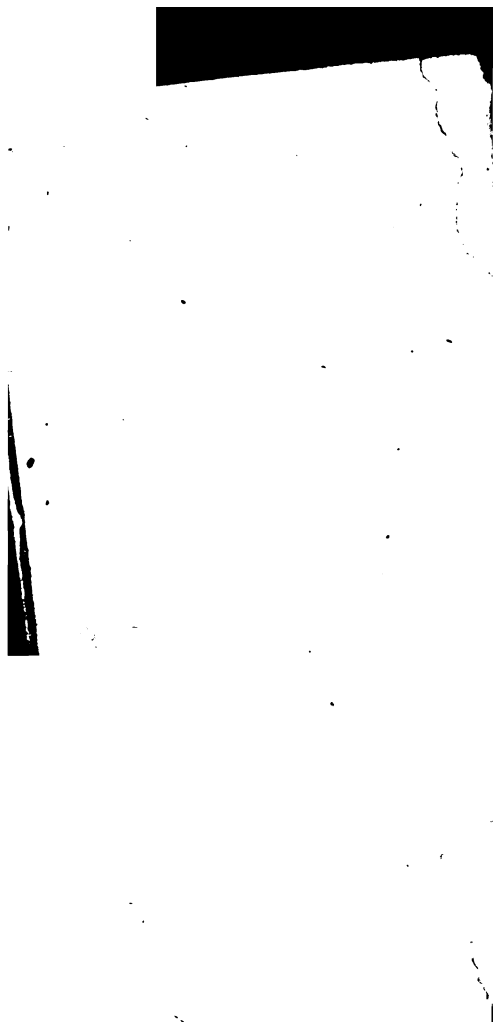
Olin W. Rogers.

NCA  
Heber









*Brotherly*

**P O E M S.**

---

BY THE LATE

**RT. REV. REGINALD HEBER, D. D.**

**LORD BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.**

---

**HINGHAM,  
C. AND E. B. GILL.**

**1830.**

**M. Pratt—Printer.**

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**TRIBUTE**  
**TO THE**  
**MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.**

---

It be sad to speak of treasures gone,  
Of sainted genius called too soon away,  
Right, from this world taken while it shone,  
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—  
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,  
Flow forth, O guide and gifted friend, for thee ?

Wilt not thy voice been here amongst us heard ?  
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,  
Have we not felt its breath in every word,  
Went from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower  
On us ! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have  
Burned—

From heaven they were, and thither are returned.

How shall we mourn thee ?—With a lofty trust,  
Our life's immortal birthright from above,  
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,  
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of  
    of love,  
And yet can weep !—for Nature so deploras  
The friend that leaves us, though for happier  
    shores.

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,  
One strain of solemn rapture be allowed,  
Thou that, rejoicing on thy mid-career,  
Not to decay, but unto death hast bowed!  
In those bright regions of the rising sun,  
Where Victory ne'er a crown like thine hath won.

Praise, for yet one more name, with power en-  
dowed,

To cheer and guide us onward as we press,  
Yet one more image on the heart bestowed,

To dwell there—beautiful in holiness!

Thine, Heber, thine, whose memory from the  
dead

Shines as the star, which to the Saviour led.

FELICIA HEMANS.

**PALESTINE:**

**A PRIZE POEM,**

**RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,**

**IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.**



## PALESTINE.

---

**ERT** of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,  
ourn, widowed queen, forgotten Sion, mourn.  
this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,  
ere the wild desert rears its craggy stone?  
le suns unblest their angry lustre fling,  
way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?  
e now thy pomp, which kings with envy  
view'd?  
ow thy might, which all those kings sub-  
lued?  
tial myriads muster in thy gate;  
iant nations in thy Temple wait;  
et bards, thy glittering courts among,  
full lyre, and swell the tide of song:  
; Force, and meagre Want is there,  
ick-darting eye of restless Fear;  
Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,

Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints, ye warrior sons of heaven,  
To whose high care Judæa's state was given,  
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,  
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep—  
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still  
By Siloa's fount, or Tabor's echoing hill ;  
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,  
And mourn the captive land you loved so well ;  
(For oft, 't is said, in Kedron's palmy vale  
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,  
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,  
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear ;)  
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high  
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy ;  
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire  
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,  
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,  
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in heaven's peculiar love,  
Delight of men below, and saints above ;  
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand  
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;  
Though weak, and whelmed beneath the storms  
of fate,  
Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;  
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,

And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall ;  
Yet shall the Muse to Fancy's ardent view  
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew :  
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow  
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,  
With prescient ardor drank the scented gale,  
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail ;  
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,  
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide ;  
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,  
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill ;  
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening  
blaze,  
The robber riots, or the hermit prays ;  
Or, where the tempest rives the hoary stone,  
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,  
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold ;  
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,  
Their lion courage proves their generous race.  
They, only they, while all around them kneel  
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,  
Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear  
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine,  
The native guard of feeble Palestine,  
O, ever thus, by no vain boast dismayed,



Defend the birthright of the cedar shade.  
What though no more for you the obedient gale  
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail ;  
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold  
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold ;  
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave  
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave ;  
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,  
Where cheerful labor leads to tranquil rest.  
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows ;  
And unrestrained the generous vintage flows :  
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,  
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.  
So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,  
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,  
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,  
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.  
Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,  
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb :  
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,  
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.  
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,  
Arabia's parent, clasped her fainting child,  
And wandered near the roof no more her home,  
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam :  
My sorrowing fancy quits the happier height,  
And southward throws her half-averted sight.

For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,  
A dreary waste of undistinguished woes.  
See War untired his crimson pinions spread,  
And foul Revenge, that tramples on the dead.  
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,  
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine :  
'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,  
And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,  
Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,  
And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;  
Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye  
Revere the sacred smile of infancy.

Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed  
Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering  
reed ;

And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,  
Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice.  
While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,  
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,  
Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,  
Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,  
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,  
And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their  
Lord,

Loved for thy mercies, for thy power adored :  
If at thy name the waves forgot their force,

And reflux Jordan sought his trembling source ;  
If at thy name like sheep the mountains fled,  
And haughty Sirion bowed his marble head ;  
To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,  
And raise from earth thy long-neglected vine.  
Her rified fruits behold the heathen bear,  
And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.  
Was it for this she stretched her peopled reign  
From far Euphrates to the western main ?  
For this, o'er many a hill her boughs she threw,  
And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?  
For this, proud Edom slept beneath her shade,  
And o'er the Arabian deep her branches played ?

O feeble boast of transitory power,  
Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour ;  
Not such their hope, when through the parted  
main

The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :  
Not such their hope, when through the fields of  
night

The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light :  
Not, when fierce Conquest urged the onward war  
And hurled stern Canaan from his iron car :  
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,  
In rude array, the harnessed Amorite :  
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stayed,  
The lingering sun his fiery wheels delayed ;

The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,  
Curbed her pale car, and checked her mazy  
round.

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld his might,  
And God's own darkness veiled her mystic  
height :

(He, cherub-borne, upon the whirlwind rode,  
And the red mountain like a furnace glowed :)  
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite  
His praise, his power,—eternal, infinite?—  
Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,  
Or serve his altar with unhallowed fire.

Such were the cares that watched o'er Israel's  
fate,

And such the glories of their infant state.  
—Triumphant race ; and did your power decay ?  
Failed the bright promise of your early day ?  
No :—by that sword, which, red with heathen  
gore,

A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ;  
By him, the chief to farthest India known,  
The mighty master of the iv'ry throne ;  
In heaven's own strength, high towering o'er  
her foes,

Victorious Salem's lion banner rose,  
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,  
And vassal tyrants crouched beneath her sway.

—And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind  
Through nature's mazes wandered unconfined ;  
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,  
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ;  
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—  
The powerful sigil and the starry spell,  
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,  
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.  
Hence all his might ; for who could these op-  
pose ?

And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.  
Yet e'en the works of toiling Genii fall,  
And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.  
In frantic converse with the mournful wind,  
There oft the houseless Santon rests reclined ;  
Strange shapes he views, and drinks with won-  
dering ears  
The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,  
Still sound Arabia's legendary lays ;  
And thus their fabling bards delight to tell  
How lovely were thy tents, O Israel.

For thee his ivory load behemoth bore,  
And far Sofala teemed with golden ore ;  
Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,  
Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.  
When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,

And silence held the lonely woods of Rome ;  
Or ere to Greece the builder's skill was known,  
Or the light chisel brushed the Parian stone ;  
Yet here fair Science nursed her infant fire,  
Fanned by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.  
Then towered the palace, then in awful state  
The temple reared its everlasting gate.  
No workman steel, no pond'rous axes rung ;  
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.  
Majestic silence !—then the harp awoke,  
The cymbal clanged, the deep-voiced trumpet  
spoke,  
And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,  
Viewed the descending flame, and blessed the  
present God.  
Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and  
loud,  
Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.  
E'en they who, dragged to Shinar's fiery sand ;  
Tilled with reluctant strength the stranger's  
land ;  
Who sadly told the slow-revolving years,  
And steeped the captive's bitter bread with tears:  
Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would  
burn,  
Their destined triumphs, and their glad return,  
And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,

In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,  
 Would oft awake to chant their future fame,  
 And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim *m.*  
 His promised aid could every fear control ;  
 This nerved the warrior's arm, this steeled the  
 martyr's soul.

Nor vain their hope :—Bright beaming through  
 the sky,

Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high.  
 Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,  
 And crowding nations drank the orient light.  
 Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odors bring,  
 And bending Magi seek their infant King.  
 Marked ye, where, hovering o'er his radiant  
 head,

The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?  
 Daughter of Sion, virgin queen, rejoice :  
 Clap the glad hand, and lift the exulting voice.  
 He comes,—but not in regal splendor drest,  
 The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;  
 Not armed in flame, all glorious from afar,  
 Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war.  
 Messiah comes : let furious discord cease :  
 Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace.  
 Disease and anguish feel his blest control,  
 And howling fiends release the tortured soul ;  
 The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illum,

And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'er-  
spread,

Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red,  
Ye hov'ring ghosts, that throng the starless air,  
Why shakes the earth? why fades the light?  
declare.

Are those his limbs, with ruthless scourges torn?  
His brows all bleeding with the twisted thorn?  
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye,  
Raised from the cross in patient agony?  
—Be dark, thou sun—thou noonday night, arise,  
And hide, O hide, the dreadful sacrifice.

Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,  
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows  
shed,

Not for his sake your tearful vigils keep;—  
Weep for your country, for your children weep.  
—Vengeance, thy fiery wing their race pursued;  
Thy thirsty poniard blushed with infant blood.  
Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,  
The bird of war, the Latian eagle came.  
Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,  
Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:  
He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,  
And war without, and death within the wall.



Wide-wasting Plague, gaunt Famine, mad De-  
spair,

And dire Debate, and clamorous Strife was there:  
Love, strong as Death, retained his might no more,  
And the pale parent drank her children's gore.  
Yet they, who went to roam th' ensanguined  
plain,

And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;  
E'en they, when high above the dusty fight,  
Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,  
To their loved altars paid a parting groan,  
And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts, and gates of gold,  
The trampled ranks in miry carnage rolled,  
To save their Temple every hand essayed,  
And with cold fingers grasped the feeble blade:  
Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,  
And life's last anger warmed the dying man.

But heavier far the fettered captive's doom;  
To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:  
To swell, slow pacing by the car's tall side,  
The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride;  
To flesh the lion's rav'nous jaws, or feel  
The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;  
Or pant, deep plunged beneath the sultry mine,  
For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah, fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,

She mourned her sons enslaved, her glories lost.  
 In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,  
 There barked the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.  
 Yet midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,  
 The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid.  
 'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove  
 The chequered twilight of the olive grove ;  
 'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,  
 And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb ;  
 While forms celestial filled his tranced eye,  
 The day-light dreams of pensive piety,  
 O'er his still breast a tearful fervor stole,  
 And softer sorrows charmed the mourner's soul.

O, lives there one, who mocks his artless zeal?  
 Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel ?  
 Be his the soul with wintry Reason blest,  
 The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast.  
 Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,  
 No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows.

Far other they who reared yon pompous shrine  
 And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.  
 Then hallowed Peace renewed her wealthy  
     reign,  
 Then altars smoked, and Sion smiled again.  
 There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,  
 And all the bounties of the British queen ;  
 There barb'rous kings their sandaled nations led,  
 And steel-clad champions bowed the created  
     head.

There, when her fiery race the desert poured,  
And pale Byzantium feared Medina's sword,  
When coward Asia shook in trembling wo,  
And bent appalled before the Bactrian bow ;  
From the moist regions of the western star  
The wand'ring hermit waked the storm of war.  
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,  
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came.  
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,  
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;  
While beardless youths and tender maids assume  
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.  
In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield  
The ponderous falchion, and the sunlike shield,  
And start to see their armor's iron gleam  
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,  
All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran.  
Impatient Death beheld his destined food,  
And hovering vultures snuffed the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,  
By Northern Breun or Scythian Timur led,  
Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore  
United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore.  
There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien  
advance,  
From the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;

d with Thrace, in close battalions  
 |  
 ons, a soft inglorious band ;  
 tern Norman joins the Austrian train,  
 k tribes of late reviving Spain ;  
 ck files, advancing firm and slow,  
 Albion twangs the deadly bow :—  
 prompt the captive's wrong to aid  
 n freedom's cause the freeman's gen-  
 lade.

d spirits of the warrior dead,  
 at force Britannia's armies led,  
 ering falchions, foremost in the fight,  
 | confusion on the Soldan's might ;  
 e biting axe and beamy spear,  
 ering Edward, lion Richard, hear.  
 call your crested pride resume,  
 he marble slumbers of the tomb.  
 behold, in arm, in heart the same,  
 he footsteps of parental fame,  
 ill their generous aid supply,  
 he palm of Syrian chivalry.  
 , from towery Malta's yielding isle,  
 en waters of reluctant Nile,  
 chief,—from Misraim's subject shore  
 walls his trophied banners bore ;  
 ale desert marked his proud array ,

## PALESTINE.

Isolation hoped an ampler sway ;  
Ere then triumphant Gaul dismayed ?  
Arm repelled the victor renegade ?  
Asia's champion :—bathed in hostile blood,  
In the breach the dauntless seaman stood ;  
When Asia saw th' unequal fight,—  
The pale crescent blessed the Christian's  
might.

Of death ; O thirst, beyond control,  
Whose conquest in th' invader's soul.  
Thou art, yet warm, by social footsteps trod,  
The red moat supplied a panting road ;  
The red moat our conquering thunders flew,  
The fiercer still the grisly rampire grew.  
The tower proudly glowed above the rescued tower,  
The ivy cross that marked Britannia's power.  
The still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,  
The heroes lift the generous sword in vain.  
Over her sky the clouds of anger roll,  
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.  
But shall she rise ;—but not by war restored,  
But in murder—planted by the sword.  
Rise, Jerusalem, thou shalt rise ; thy Father's aid  
Shall heal the wound his chastening hand has  
made,  
And judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sw

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Lion

and burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords  
away.


Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring;  
Break forth, ye mountains, and, ye valleys, sing.  
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,  
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn;  
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,  
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.

E'en now, perchance, wide waving o'er the land,  
That mighty angel lifts his golden wand,  
Courts the bright vision of descending power,  
Tells every gate, and measures every tower,  
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain  
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He? the vast, the awful form,  
Girt with the whirlwind, sandaled with the  
storm?

A western cloud around his limbs is spread,  
His crown a rainbow, and a sun his head,  
To highest heaven he lifts his kingly hand,  
And treads at once the ocean and the land;  
And, hark: his voice amid the thunder's roar,  
His dreadful voice, that time shall be no more.

Lo, cherub hands the golden courts prepare,  
Lo, thrones arise, and every saint is there.  
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,  
The mountains worship, and the isles obey.




God is their temple,  
And shall not Israel  
Hail the glad beam, a  
On David's throne sit  
And the dry bones be  
Hark, white-robed  
    raise,  
And the hoarse flood  
Ten thousand harps a  
Ten thousand thousand  
'Worthy the Lamb, on  
Who died, who lives, 1

**EUROPE:**

**OPINIONS ON THE PRESENT WAR.**

**WRITTEN IN 1809.**





ID. QVANDO. ACCIDERIT. NON. SATIS. AVDEO  
EFFARI. SIQVIDEM. NON. CLARIUS. MIHI  
PER. SACROS. TRIPODES. CERTA. REFERT. DEVS  
NEC. SERVAT. PENITVS. FIDEM  
QVOD. SI. QVID. LICEAT. CREDERE. ADHV  
TAMEN  
NAM. LAEVVM. TONVIT. NON. FVERIT. PROCV  
QVAERENDVS. CELERI. QVI. PROPERET. GRAD  
ET. GALLVM. REPRIMAT. FEROX  
PETRVS. CRINITVS. IN. CARMIN  
AD SER. CARAPHAM.

## E U R O P E.

---

At that dread season when th' indignant north  
Poured to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,  
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,  
And fanned too late the flame of liberty ;  
By feverish hope oppressed, and anxious thought,  
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.  
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine  
played,  
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade—  
Yet slept not all ;—I heard the ceaseless jar,  
The rattling wagons, and the wheels of war,  
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,  
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum ;  
O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that  
trode,  
And the far-distant fife that thrilled along the  
road.  
Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell

To catch the music of the pealing bell ;  
 And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,  
 The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay :  
 But sweet no less, when Justice points the spear,  
 Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear,  
 To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,  
 And bid the blood red paths of conquest hail.

O, song of hope, too long delusive strain.  
 And hear we now thy flattering voice again ?  
 But late, alas, I left thee cold and still,  
 Stunned by the wrath of Heaven, on Prätzen's  
 hill.

O, on that hill may no kind month renew  
 The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew.  
 Accursed of God, may those bleak summits tell  
 The field of anger where the mighty fell.  
 There youthful Faith and high born Courage rest,  
 And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled  
 crest,

There Europe, soiled with blood her tresses gray,  
 And ancient Honor's shield—all vilely thrown  
 away.

Thus mused my soul, as in succession drear  
 Rose each grim shape of Wrath and Doubt and  
 Fear.

Defeat and shame in grizzly vision passed,

And Vengeance, bought with blood, and glorious  
Death the last.

Then as my gaze their waving eagles met,  
And through the night each sparkling bayonet,  
Still memory told how Austria's evil hour  
Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power,  
And Gallia's vaunting train, and Mosco's horde,  
Had fleshed the maiden steel of Brunswic's  
sword.

O! yet, I deemed, that Fate, by Justice led,  
Might wreath once more the veteran's silver  
head;

That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain  
The cumbrous sceptre of a single reign;  
That conscious right would tenfold strength af-  
ford,

And heaven assist the patriot's holy sword,  
And look in mercy through th' auspicious sky,  
To bless the saviour host of Germany.

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as  
shed

Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed?  
And are they dreams? or can the Eternal Mind  
Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind?  
Why, if the dubious battle own his power,  
And the red sabre, where he bids, devour,  
Why then can one the curse of worlds deride,

And millions weep a tyrant's single pride ?

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps strayed,  
Rapt in the visions of the Aonian maid.

It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear  
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear ;  
My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide  
Through the green walks of scented even-tide,  
Or stretched with me in noonday ease along,  
To list the reaper's chaunt, or throstle's song :

**But she of loftier port, whose grave control  
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul ;  
She, whose high presence, o'er the midnight of  
With fame's bright promise cheers the student'  
toil ;**

**That same was she, whose ancient lore refined  
The sober hardihood of Sidney's mind.**

**Borne on her wing, no more I seemed to rove  
By Dresden's glittering spires, and linden grove**

**No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,  
Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,**

**While the still margent of his ample flood  
Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood—**

**(Woods happy once, that heard the carols free  
Of rustic love, and cheerful industry ;**

**Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,  
And silence marks the tract where France has  
been.)**

Far other scenes than these my fancy viewed ;  
 Rocks robed in ice, a mountain solitude ;  
 Where on Helvetian hills, in godlike state,  
 Alone and awful, Europe's angel sate.  
 Silent and stern he sate ; then bending low,  
 Listened the ascending plaints of human wo,  
 And waving as in grief his towery head,  
 ' Not yet, not yet the day of rest,' he said ;  
 ' It may not be. Destruction's gory wing  
 Soars o'er the banners of the younger king,  
 Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway  
 To stem the lava on its destined way.  
 Poor, glittering warriors, only wont to know  
 The bloodless pageant of a martial show ;  
 Nurselings of peace, for fiercer fights prepare,  
 And dread the step-dame sway of unaccustomed  
     war.  
 They fight, they bleed—O, had that blood  
     been shed  
 When Charles and valor Austria's armies led,  
 Had these stood forth the righteous cause to  
     shield,  
 When victory wavered on Moravia's field,  
 Then France had mourned her conquests made  
     in vain,  
 Her backward-beaten ranks, and countless slain,  
 Then had the strength of Europe's freedom  
     stood,

And still the Rhine had rolled a German flood.

'O, nursed in many a wile, and practised long  
 To spoil the poor, and cringe before the strong,  
 To swell the victor's state, and hovering near,  
 Like some base vulture in the battle's rear,  
 To watch the carnage of the field, and share  
 Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare:  
 A curse is on thee, Brandenburg, the sound  
 Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground,  
 And drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know  
 The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of wo.

'Enough of vengeance. O'er the ensanguined  
 plain

I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain,  
 Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds  
 bear

Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.  
 Enough of vengeance. By the glorious dead,  
 Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led,  
 By Blucher's sword in fiercest danger tried,  
 And the true heart that burst when Brunswic  
 died,

By her whose charms the coldest zeal might  
 warm,

The manliest firmness in the fairest form—  
 Save, Europe, save the remnant.—Yet remains  
 One glorious path to free the world from chains.  
 Why, when your northern band in Eylau's wood

Retreating struck, and tracked their course with  
blood,

While one firm rock the floods of ruin stayed,  
Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delayed?  
And Albion!—Darker sorrow veiled his brow—  
'Friend of the friendless—Albion, where art thou?  
Child of the Sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,  
The covering cherub of the ocean's bed ;  
The storm and tempest render peace to thee,  
And the wild-roaring waves a stern security.  
But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to  
ride,

Freedom's loved ark, o'er broad oppression's tide,  
If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye  
Glance in contempt on Europe's agony.  
Alas! where now the bands who went to pour  
Their strong deliverance on the Egyptian shore?  
Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,  
Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave.

' And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,  
Whose words were wisdom, and whose counsels  
power,

Whom Earth applauded through her peopled  
shores,

(Alas! whom Earth too early lost deplores ;—)  
Young without follies, without rashness bold,  
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold ;



In every veering gale of faction true,  
Untarnished Chatham's genuine child, adieu.  
Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray  
Expands from twilight to intenser day,  
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridia  
    sway.

O, proved in danger, not the fiercest flame  
Of Discord's rage thy constant soul could tame  
Not when, far-striding o'er thy palsied land,  
Gigantic Treason took his bolder stand ;  
Not when wild Zeal, by murderous Faction led  
On Wicklow's hills, her grass-green banne  
    spread ;

Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave  
Defied the native soil they wont to save.—  
Undaunted patriot, in that dreadful hour,  
When pride and genius own a sterner power ;  
When the dimmed eyeball, and the struggling  
    breath,

And pain, and terror, mark advancing death ;—  
Still in that breast thy country held her throne  
Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer were hers alone,  
Thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy partin  
    groan.

Yes, from those lips while fainting nations drew  
Hope ever strong, and courage ever new ;—  
Yet, yet, I deemed, by that supporting hand

opped in her fall might Freedom's ruin stand ;  
And purged by fire, and stronger from the storm,  
Egraded Justice rear her reverend form.

Now, hope, adieu ;—adieu the generous care  
To shield the weak, and tame the proud in war ;  
The golden chain of realms, when equal awe  
Poised the strong balance of impartial law ;  
When rival states as federate sisters shone,  
Alike, yet various, and though many, one ;  
And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,  
Beamed each fair star of Europe's galaxy—  
All, all are gone, and after-time shall trace  
One boundless rule, one undistinguished race ;  
Twilight of worth, where nought remains to move  
The patriot's ardor, or the subject's love.

‘ Behold, e'en now, while every manly lore  
And every muse forsakes my yielding shore ;  
Faint, vapid fruits of slavery's sickly clime,  
Each tinsel art succeeds, and harlot rhyme ;  
To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread  
In sightly foldings o'er the Grecian bed,  
Their mimic guard where sculptured gryphons  
keep,

And Memphian idols watch o'er beauty's sleep  
To rouse the slumbering sparks of faint desire  
With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre,  
While youth's enervate glance and gloating age

Hang o'er the mazy waltz, or pageant stage,  
 Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,  
 The nightly revel and the noontide ease—  
 These, Europe. are thy toils, thy trophies these.

‘ So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming rain  
 Have strowed the bearded hope of golden grain,  
 From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies,  
 The tall, rank weeds in barren splendor rise;  
 And strong, and towering o'er the mildewed ear,  
 Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear:  
 The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,  
 And Famine stalks along the purple field.

‘ And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's  
 prayer:  
 Where, France, thy hopes, thy gilded promise  
 where;  
 When o'er Montpellier's vines, and Jura's snows,  
 All goodly bright, young Freedom's planet rose?  
 What boots it now, (to our destruction brave,)  
 How strong thine arm in war? a valiant slave.  
 What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,  
 Fanned by the flattering breath of conquest's gale,  
 What, that, high-piled within yon ample dome,  
 The blood-bought treasures rest of Greece and  
 Rome?

Scourge of the highest, bolt in vangeance hurled  
 By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world,

Go, vanquished victor, bend thy proud helm down  
Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown.

For him in Afric's sands, and Poland's snows,  
Reared by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows ;  
And rank in German fields the harvest springs  
Of pageant councils and obsequious kings.  
Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,  
Linked the wide circuit of the Latian chain ;  
And slaves like these shall every tyrant find,  
To gild oppression, and debase mankind.

' O, live there yet whose hardy souls and high  
Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds  
defy ?

Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain  
Of the wide prison of the lonely main,  
Cling to their country's rights with freeborn zeal,  
More strong from every stroke, and patient of  
the steel ?

Guiltless of chains, to them has Heaven consigned  
Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind :  
Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows .  
That Freedom's weary foot may find repose ?  
No—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,  
Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell ;  
Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed  
Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head ;  
He wakes, th' avenger—hark ! the hills around,

Untamed Asturia bids her clarion sound ;  
 And many an ancient rock, and fleecy plain,  
 And many a valliant heart returns the strain :  
 Heard by that shore, where Calpe's armed steep  
 Flings its long shadow o'er th' Herculean deep,  
 And Lucian glades, whose hoary poplars wave  
 In soft, sad murmurs over Inez' grave.  
 They bless the call who dared the first withstand  
 The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land,  
 When firm in faith, and red with slaughtered foes,  
 Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose.  
 Nor these alone ; as loud the war-notes swell,  
 La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork-built cell ;  
 Albama's strength is there, and those who till  
 (A hardy race !) Morena's scorched hill ;  
 And in rude arms through wide Galicia's reign,  
 The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.  
     'Saw ye those tribes ? not theirs the plumed  
         boast,  
 The sightly trappings of a marshalled host ;  
 No weeping nations curse their deadly skill,  
 Expert in danger, and inured to kill :—  
 But theirs the kindling eye, the strenuous arm ;  
 Theirs the dark cheek, with patriot ardor warm,  
 Unblanched by sluggard ease, or slavish fear,  
 And proud and pure the blood that mantles there.  
*Theirs* from the birth is toil ;—o'er granite steep.

And heathy wild, to guard the wandering sheep,  
To urge the laboring mule, or bend the spear  
'Gainst the night-prowling wolf, or felon bear ;  
The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,  
And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.  
Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,  
Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time.

Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found,  
(His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads  
bound ;)

Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train  
O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne ;  
And chiefest him who reared his banner tall  
(Illustrious exile,) o'er Valencia's wall ;  
Ungaced by kings, whose Moorish title rose  
The toil-earned homage of his wondering foes.

' Yes ; every mould'ring tower and haunted  
flood,

And the wild murmurs of the waving wood ;  
Each sandy waste, and orange scented dell,  
And red Buraba's field, and Lugo, tell,  
How their brave fathers fought, how thick the  
invaders fell.

' O, virtue long forgot, or vainly tried,  
To glut a bigot's zeal, or tyrant's pride ;  
Condemned in distant climes to bleed and die  
'Mid the dank poisons of Tlascala's sky ;

Or when stern Austria stretched her lawless reign  
And spent in northern fights the flower of Spain;  
Or war's hoarse furies yelled on Ysell's shore,  
And Alva's ruffian sword was drunk with gore.  
Yet dared not then Tlascala's chiefs withstand  
The lofty daring of Castilia's band;  
And weeping France her captive king deplored,  
And cursed the deathful point of Ebro's sword.  
Now, nerved with hope, their night of slavery  
past,  
Each heart beats high in freedom's buxom blast;  
Lo, Conquest calls, and beckoning from afar,  
Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to  
war.

—Wo to th' usurper then, who dares defy  
The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty.  
Wo to the hireling bands, foredoomed to feel  
How strong in labor's horny hand the steel.  
Behold e'en now, beneath yon Boetic skies  
Another Pavia bids her trophies rise.—  
E'en now in base disguise and friendly night  
Their robber-monarch speeds his secret flight;  
And with new zeal the fiery Lusians rear,  
(Roused by their neighbor's worth,) the long-  
neglected spear.

' So when stern winter chills the April showers,  
And iron frost forbids the timely flowers,

O, deem not thou the vigorous herb below  
Is crushed and dead beneath the incumbent snow.  
Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring  
Than all the early smiles of flattering spring.'

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell,  
On my charmed sense th' unearthly accents fell ;  
Me wonder held, and joy chastised by fear,  
As one who wished, yet hardly hoped to hear.  
' Spirit,' I cried, ' dread teacher, yet declare,  
In that good fight, shall Albion's arm be there ?  
Can Albion, brave, and wise, and proud, refrain  
To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with  
Spain ?

Too long her sons, estranged from war and toil,  
Have loathed the safety of the sea-girt isle ;  
And chid the waves which pent their fire within,  
As the stalled war-horse woes the battle's din.  
O, by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,  
Which, well I feel, each English breast shall  
know,

Say, shall my country, roused from deadly sleep,  
Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep ;  
And shall once more the star of France grow pale,  
And dim its beams in Roncesvalles' vale ?  
Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire  
To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire ?'

Still as I gazed, his lowering features spread,





High rose his form, and darkness veiled his head,  
Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,  
To heaven he reared his arm, and thus he spoke  
‘ Wo, trebly wo to their slow zeal who bore  
Delusive comfort to Iberia’s shore.

Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismayed,  
Now gave and now withdrew their laggard aid ;  
Who, when each bosom glowed, each heart bea  
high,

Chilled the pure stream of England’s energy,  
And lost in courtly forms and blind delay  
The loitered hours of glory’s short-lived day.

‘ O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,  
Lost, ruined Albion, Europe mourns for thee.  
Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given  
To stay thy doom, and ward the ire of heaven ;  
Bared in the cause of man thy warrior breast,  
And crushed on yonder hills the approaching pest  
Then had not murder sacked thy smiling plain,  
And wealth, and worth, and wisdom all been vain.

‘ Yet, yet awake, while fear and wonder wait,  
On the poised balance, trembling still with fate.  
If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried,  
Who tinged with slaughter Tajo’s curdling tide ;  
(What time base truce the wheels of war could  
stay,

And the weak victor flung his wreath away) —

theirs, who, doled in scanty bands afar,  
led without hope the disproportioned war,  
if cheerly still, and patient of distress,  
their forwasted files on numbers numberless.  
Yes, through the march of many a weary day,  
yon dark column toils his seaward way ;  
bare, and shrinking from th' inclement sky,  
the languid soldier bends him down to die ;  
As o'er those helpless limbs, by murder gored,  
The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,  
And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands pressed,  
The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast ;  
E'en in that hour his hope to England flies,  
And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes.

O, if such hope can plead, or his, whose bier  
Drew from his conquering host their latest tear,  
Whose skill, whose matchless valor, gilded flight,  
Entombed in foreign dust, a hasty soldier's rite ;—  
O, rouse thee yet to conquer and to save,  
And Wisdom guide the sword which Justice gave.

And yet the end is not : from yonder towers,  
While one Saguntum mocks the victor's powers,  
While one brave heart defies a servile chain,  
And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain ;  
Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band  
In tenfold myriads darken half the land ;  
(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord

Bethulia's matron shook the nightly sword ;)  
 Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,  
 And fatal genius fire thy martial eye ;  
 Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,  
 Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.

‘No, by His viewless arm whose righteous  
 care

Defends the orphan's tear, the poor man's prayer ;  
 Who, Lord of nature, o'er this changeful ball  
 Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall :  
 Wondrous in all his ways, unseen, unknown,  
 Who treads the wine-press of the world alone :  
 And robed in darkness, and surrounding fears,  
 Speeds on their destined road the march of  
 years.

No :—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,  
 Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee ?  
 And shall it tame despair, thy strong control,  
 Or quench a nation's still reviving soul?—  
 Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire  
 To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire ;  
 Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea !—  
 But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free.’

MISCELLANEOUS

PIECES.



11-11-11

11-11-11

**THE PASSAGE**  
**OF**  
**THE RED SEA.**

---

**WITH** heat o'erlabored and the length of way,  
**ON** Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.  
'**T** was silence all, the sparkling sands along,  
**SAVE** where the locust trilled her feeble song,  
**OR** blended soft in drowsy cadence fell  
**THE** wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.—  
'**T** was silence all.—The flocks for shelter fly  
**WHERE**, waving light, the acacia shadows lie,  
**OR** where, from far, the flattering vapors make  
**THE** noontide semblance of a misty lake :  
**WHILE** the mute swain, in careless safety spread,  
**WITH** arms enfolded, and dejected head,  
**DREAMS** o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,  
**AND**, late revealed, his children's destiny.  
**FOR**, not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,

Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power  
Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose god-like  
sway

Could lure the locust from her airy way,  
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,  
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.  
O helpless gods, who nought availed to shield  
From fiery rain your Zoan's favored field.  
O helpless gods, who saw the curdled blood  
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,  
And fourfold-night the wondering earth enchain  
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain.  
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west  
With milder influence on their temples pressed  
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,  
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,  
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night,)  
Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into light  
Soft fell the eve. But, ere the day was done,  
Tall, waving banners streaked the level sun;  
And wide and dark along th' horizon red,  
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.—  
'Mark, Israel, mark!'—On that strange sight  
intent,  
In breathless terror, every eye was bent,  
And busy faction's undistinguished hum,

Female shrieks arose, 'They come, they  
come !'  
Come, they come; in scintillating show  
The dark mass the brazen lances glow,  
Sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,  
Deepens or extends the long tumultuous line.  
A fancy's keener glance e'en now may trace  
The threatening aspects of each mingled race ;  
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,  
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were  
there.

From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,  
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain :  
On either wing their fiery coursers check  
The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek :  
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,  
Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla  
strode.

'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with  
gold,  
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariot rolled ?  
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,  
Old Thebes had poured through all her hundred  
gates,  
Mother of armies. How the emeralds glowed,  
Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pha-  
raoh rode;



The priestly sistrum murmu  
Why swell these shouts th  
gloom ?

Whom come ye forth to  
whom ?—

These flocks and herds—th  
train—

Red from the scourge and rec

God of the poor, the poor an

Giver and Lord of freedom, l

North, south, and west the sa

The circling horns of Egypt's

On earth's last margin throug

Their cloudy guide moves on

swim the main ?'

'Mid the light spray their snorti

Nor bathed a fetlock in the nau

He comes—their leader com

God

re, With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,  
 Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell  
 Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,  
 The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;  
 rt's And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,  
 And caves, the sea-calves' low roofed haunt, are  
 ors, seen.  
 Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread :  
 ary The beetling waters storm above their head :  
 While far behind retires the sinking day,  
 And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.  
 in? Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,  
 Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.  
 fly, Still in their van, along that dreadful road,  
 Blazed broad and fierce the braudished torch of  
 in; God.  
 ve Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave  
 On the long mirror of the rosy wave :  
 — While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,  
 Warm every cheek and dance in every eye —  
 of To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train  
 Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain :  
 Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight  
 confine,  
 And tenfold darkness broods above their line.  
 Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,  
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed.

Till midway now—that strange and fiery form  
 Showed his dread visage lightening through the  
 storm ;

With withering splendor blasted all their might,  
 And broke their chariot-wheels, and marred their  
 coursers' flight.

' Fly, Misraim, fly : '—The ravenous floods they  
 see,

And fiercer than the floods, the Deity.

' Fly, Misraim, fly : '—From Edom's coral strand  
 Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand :—

With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,  
 And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—

Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,  
 As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast :

And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore  
 The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

O, welcome came the morn, where Israel  
 stood

In trustless wonder by the avenging flood :

O, welcome came the cheerful morn, to show  
 The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below :

The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—  
 A few sad relics of a nation's war :

Alas, how few !—Then, soft as Elim's well

The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.

And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne

The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,  
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,  
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude—  
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around  
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound :  
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppressed,  
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.  
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky  
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,  
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet  
harmony.

' Where now,' she sang, ' the tall Egyptian spear ?  
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where ?  
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.  
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed.'—  
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,  
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,  
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—  
' Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed.'



## LINES

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,  
ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION  
AS CHANCELLOR.

---

**YE** viewless guardians of these sacred shades,  
Dear dreams of early song, Aonian maids!—  
And you, illustrious dead, whose spirits speak  
In every flush that tints the student's cheek,  
As, wearied with the world, he seeks again  
The page of better times and greater men ;  
If with pure worship we your steps pursue,  
And youth, and health, and rest forget for you,  
(Whom most we serve, to whom our lamp burns  
bright  
Through the long toils of not ingrateful night,)  
Yet, yet be present.—Let the worldly train  
Mock our cheap joys, and hate our useless strain,  
Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear  
The fleece Iberian or the pampered steer ;—  
Let sterner science with unwearied eye  
Explore the circling spheres and map the sky ;  
*His long-drawn mole let lordly commerce scan,*

LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION. 59

And of his iron arch the rainbow span :  
Yet, while in burning characters impressed,  
The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast,  
Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,  
Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,  
And in warm feeling from the storied page  
Arise the saint, the hero, or the sage ;  
Such be our toil !—Nor doubt we to explore  
The thorny maze of dialectic lore,  
To climb the chariot of the gods, or scan  
The secret workings of the soul of man ;  
Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,  
Or the slow pinion of the Stagyrite ;  
And those gray spoils of Herculean pride,  
If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide ;  
If Padua's sage be there, or art have power  
To wake Menander from his secret bower ;  
Such be our toil !—Nor vain the labor proves,  
Which Oxford honors, and which Grenville loves.  
—On, eloquent and firm !—whose warning high  
Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,  
When, like those brethren stars to seamen known,  
In kindred splendor Pitt and Grenville shone ;  
On in thy glorious course ; not yet the wave  
Has ceased to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to  
rave.

Go on ; and O, while adverse factions raise  
To thy pure worth involuntary praise ;

60 LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION.

While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,  
And from thy counsels date their happiness ;  
Say, (for thine Isis yet recalls with pride  
Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side,)  
Say, hast thou scorned, 'mid pomp, and wealth,  
and power,

The sober transports of a studious hour ?—  
No, statesman, no !—thy patriot fire was fed  
From the warm embers of the mighty dead ;  
And thy strong spirit's patient grasp combined  
The souls of ages in a single mind.  
—By arts like these, amidst a world of foes,  
Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose ;—  
Thus, last and best of Romans, Brutus shone ;  
Our Somers thus, and thus our Clarendon ;  
Such Cobham was ;—such, Grenville, long be  
thou,  
Our boast before—our chief and champion now

**EPITAPH ON A YOUNG NAVAL  
OFFICER,**

**DESIGNED FOR A TOMB IN A SEAPORT TOWN  
IN NORTH WALES.**

---

**SAILOR, if vigor nerve thy frame,  
If to high deeds thy soul is strung,  
Revere this stone, that gives to fame  
The brave, the virtuous, and the young.**

**For manly beauty decked his form,  
His bright eye beamed with mental power;  
Resistless as the winter storm,  
Yet mild as summer's mildest shower.**

**In war's hoarse rage, in ocean's strife,  
For skill, for force, for mercy known ;  
Still prompt to shield a comrade's life,  
And greatly careless of his own.**

**Yet, youthful seaman, mourn not thou  
The fate these artless lines recall ;  
No, Cambrian, no, be thine the vow,  
Like him to live, like him to fall.**



But hast thou known a father's care,  
Who sorrowing sent thee forth to sea ;  
Poured for thy weal the unceasing prayer,  
And thought, the sleepless night, on thee ?

Has e'er thy tender fancy flown,  
When winds were strong and waves were  
high,  
Where, listening to the tempest's moan,  
Thy sisters heaved the anxious sigh ?

Or in the darkest hour of dread,  
'Mid war's wild din, and ocean's swell,  
Hast mourned a hero brother dead,  
And did that brother love thee well ?

Then pity those whose sorrows flow  
In vain o'er Shipley's empty grave ;—  
Sailor, thou weep'st :—Indulge thy wo ;  
Such tears will not disgrace the brave.

## AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

---

OUR task is done ; on Gunga's breast  
The sun is sinking down to rest ;  
And moored beneath the tamarind bough,  
Our bark has found its harbor now.  
With furled sail, and painted side,  
Behold the tiny frigate ride.  
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,  
The Moslems' savory supper steams,  
While all apart, beneath the wood,  
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come, walk with me the jungle through ;  
If yonder hunter told us true,  
Far off, in desert dank and rude,  
The tiger holds his solitude ;  
Nor (taught by secret charm to shun  
The thunders of the English gun ;)  
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,  
Returns to scare the village green.  
Come boldly on ; no venom'd snake  
Can shelter in so cool a brake :  
Child of the sun, he loves to lie  
'Mid nature's embers parched and dry,




## 64 AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

Where, o'er some tower in ruin laid,  
The peepul spreads its haunted shade,  
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,  
Fit warder in the gate of death.  
Come on—yet pause : behold us now  
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,  
Where gemming oft that sacred gloom,  
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom,  
And winds our path through many a bower  
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;  
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed  
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,  
And dusk anana's prickly blade ;  
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,  
The betel waves his crest in air.  
With pendent train and rushing wings,  
Aloft the gorgeous-peacock springs ;  
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,  
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.  
So rich a shade, so green a sod,  
Our English fairies never trod ;  
Yet who in Indian bower has stood,  
But thought on England's ' good green wood  
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,  
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,  
And breathed a prayer, (how oft in vain,)  
To gaze upon her oaks again ?  
*A truce to thought : the jackal's cry*

Resounds like sylvan revelry ;  
 And through the trees, yon failing ray  
 Will scanty serve to guide our way.  
 Yet mark : as fade the upper skies,  
 Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.  
 Before, beside us, and above,  
 The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,  
 Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,  
 The darkness of the copse exploring ;  
 While to this cooler air confessed,  
 The broad Dhatura bares her breast,  
 Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,  
 A pearl around the locks of night ;  
 Still as we pass, in softened hum,  
 Along the breezy valleys come  
 The village song, the horn, the drum.  
 Still as we pass, from bush and briar,  
 The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;  
 And what is she, whose liquid strain  
 Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?  
 I know that soul-entrancing swell !  
 It is,—it must be,—Philomel !

Enough, enough, the rustling trees  
 Announce a shower upon the breeze,—  
 The flashes of the summer sky  
 Assume a deeper, ruddier dye ;  
 Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,  
 From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;



66 AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

And we must early sleep to find  
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.  
But O, with thankful hearts confess,  
E'en here there may be happiness ;  
And HE, the bounteous Sire, has given  
His peace on earth, his hope of heaven !

**LINES WRITTEN TO HIS WIFE,  
WHILE ON A VISIT TO UPPER  
INDIA.**


---

**If thou wert by my side, my love,  
How fast would evening fall  
In green Bengala's palmy grove,  
Listening the nightingale.**

**If thou, my love, wert by my side,  
My babies at my knee,  
How gayly would our pinnace glide  
O'er Gunga's mimic sea.**

**I miss thee at the dawning gray,  
When, on our deck reclined,  
In careless ease my limbs I lay,  
And woo the cooler wind.**

**I miss thee when by Gunga's stream  
My twilight steps I guide,  
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam,  
I miss thee from my side.**



TO HIS WIFE.

With my books, my pencil try,  
Lingering noon to cheer,  
Lend thy kind approving eye,  
To my meek attentive ear.

When of morn and eve the star  
Sheds light on my knee,  
And, though thou art distant far,  
Thy prayers ascend for me.

On—then on; where duty leads,  
My course be onward still,  
In broad Hindostan's sultry meads,  
O'er black Almorah's hill.

That course nor Delhi's kingly gates,  
Nor mild Malwah detain,  
For sweet the bliss us both awaits,  
By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, though  
Across the dark blue sea,  
But ne'er were hearts so light and true  
As then shall meet in thee.

## HAPPINESS.

---

ONE morning in the month of May  
I wandered o'er the hill ;  
Though nature all around was gay,  
My heart was heavy still.

Can God, I thought, the just, the gr  
These meaner creatures bless,  
And yet deny to man's estate  
The boon of happiness ?

Tell me, ye woods, ye smiling plain  
Ye blessed birds around,  
In which of nature's wide domains  
Can bliss for man be found.

The birds wild carolled over head,  
The breeze around me blew,  
And nature's awful chorus said—  
No bliss for man she knew. .r



I questioned love, whose early ray,  
So rosy bright appears,  
And heard the timid genius say  
His light was dimmed by tears.

I questioned friendship : Friendship sighs  
And thus her answer gave—  
The few whom fortune never turned  
Were withered in the grave.

I asked if vicé could bliss bestow ?  
Vice boasted loud and well,  
But fading from her withered brow,  
The borrowed roses fell.

I sought of feeling, if her skill  
Could soothe the wounded breast ;  
And found her mourning, faint and still,  
For others' woes distressed.

I questioned virtue ; virtue sighed,  
No boon could she dispense—  
Nor virtue was her name, she cried,  
But humble penitence.

I questioned death—the grisly shade  
Relaxed his brow severe—  
And ' I am happiness,' he said,  
' If Virtue guides thee here.'

## THE MOONLIGHT MARCH.

---

I see them on their winding way,  
About their ranks the moonbeams play ;  
Their lofty deeds and daring high  
Blend with the notes of victory.  
And waving arms, and banners bright,  
Are glancing in the mellow light :  
They 're lost, and gone ; the moon is past,  
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast ;  
And fainter, fainter, fainter still  
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again the pealing drum,  
The clashing horn—they come, they come ;  
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,  
In long and glittering files they sweep.  
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,  
Their softened chorus meets the ear ;  
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way ;  
The trampling hoofs brook no delay ;  
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,  
And clashing horn, they come, they come.

LINES.

---

REFLECTED on the lake I love  
To see the stars of evening glow,  
So tranquil in the heavens above,  
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,  
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.

## FAREWELL.

---

**WHEN** eyes are beaming  
What never tongue might tell;  
**When** tears are streaming  
From their crystal cell ;  
**When** hands are linked that dread to  
And heart is met by throbbing heart,  
**O**, bitter, bitter is the smart  
Of them that bid farewell.

**When** hope is chidden  
That fain of bliss would tell,  
**And** love forbidden  
In the breast to dwell ;  
**When** fettered by a viewless chain,  
We turn and gaze, and turn again,  
**O**, death were mercy to the pain  
Of them that bid farewell.



## VESPERS.



God, that madest Earth and Heaven,  
Darkness and light,  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night,  
May thine angel guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

TO LIEUTENANT GENERAL  
ROWLAND HILL, K. B.

---

HILL, whose high daring with renewed suc  
Hath cheered our tardy war, what time  
cloud

Of expectation, dark and comfortless,  
Hung on the mountains ; and yon factious cr  
Blasphemed their country's valor, babbling l  
Then was thine arm revealed, to whose y  
might,

By Toulon's leaguered wall, the fiercest bo  
Whom Egypt honored, and the dubious fight  
Of Sad Corunna's winter, and more bright  
Douro, and Talavera's gory bays ;  
Wise, modest, brave, in danger foremost fou  
O still, young warrior, may thy toil-earned pr  
With England's love, and England's ho  
crowned,

Gild with delight thy father's latter days.

[REDACTED]

IMITATION OF AN ODE BY KOODRUT,  
IN HINDOOSTANEE.

---

AMBITION'S voice was in my ear, she whispered  
yesterday,  
How goodly is the land of Room, how wide  
the Russian sway.  
How blest to conquer either realm, and dwell  
through life to come,  
Lulled by the harp's melodious string, cheered  
by the northern drum.'  
That wisdom heard; 'O youth,' she said, 'in  
passion's fetter tied,  
Come and see a sight with me shall cure thee  
of thy pride.'  
She led me to a lonely dell, a sad and shady  
ground,  
Where many an ancient sepulchre gleamed in  
the moonshine round.  
And 'here Secunder sleeps,' she cried;—'this  
is his rival's stone;  
And here the mighty chief reclines who reared  
*the Median throne.*

Inquire of these, doth aught of all their ancient  
pomp remain,

Save late regret, and bitter tears forever, and in  
vain ?

JT,

Return, return, and in thy heart engraven keep  
my lore ;

The lesser wealth, the lighter load,—small blame  
betides the poor.'

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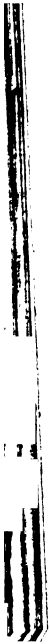
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**H Y M N S,**

**WRITTEN FOR**

**THE WEEKLY CHURCH SERVICE**

**OF THE YEAR.**



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# HYMNS.

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## ADVENT SUNDAY.

### MATT. XXI.

Hosanna to the living Lord ;  
Hosanna to the incarnate Word ;  
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing ;  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

Hosanna, Lord, thine angels cry ;  
Hosanna, Lord, thy saints reply ;  
Above; beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound ;  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

O, Saviour, with protecting care,  
Return to this thy house of prayer,  
Assembled in thy sacred name,  
Where we thy parting promise claim.  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

But, chiefest, in our cleansed breast,  
Eternal, bid thy spirit rest,  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure, and worthy thee.  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest

So in the last and dreadful day,  
When earth and heaven shall melt away,  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again,  
Hosanna, Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

## SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

JOHN I.

THE Lord will come, the earth shall quake,  
 The hills their fixed seat forsake ;  
 And, withering, from the vault of night  
 The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come, but not the same  
 As once in lowly form he came,  
 A silent lamb to slaughter led,  
 The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come, a dreadful form,  
 With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,  
 On cherub wings, and wings of wind,  
 Anointed Judge of human-kind.

Can this be He who wont to stray  
 A pilgrim on the world's highway ;  
 By power oppressed and mocked by pride ?  
 O God, is this the crucified ?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain,  
 Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain ;  
 But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,  
 Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come.

**SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.****LUKE XXI.**

**IN** the sun and moon and stars  
Signs and wonders there shall be ;  
Earth shall quake with inward wars,  
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,  
Tossed with stronger tempests, rise ;  
Darker storms the mountain sweep,  
Redder lightning rend the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,  
Racking doubt and restless fear ;  
And amid the thunder cloud  
Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face  
Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,  
Fear not ye, his chosen race,  
Your redemption draweth nigh.

### THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MATT. XI.

O, Saviour, is thy promise fled ?

No longer might thy grace endure,  
To heal the sick and raise the dead,  
And preach thy gospel to the poor ?

Come, Jesus, come, return again ;  
With brighter beam thy servants bless,  
Who long to feel thy perfect reign,  
And share thy kingdom's happiness.

A feeble race, by passion driven,  
In darkness and in doubt we roam,  
And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,  
Our hope, our harbor, and our home.

Yet, 'mid the wild and wintry gale,  
When death rides darkly o'er the sea,  
And strength and earthly daring fail,  
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on thee.

Come, Jesus, come, and, as of yore  
The prophet went to clear thy way,  
A harbinger thy feet before,  
A dawning to thy brighter day :  
So now may grace with heavenly shower  
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;  
Sow in our souls the seed of power,  
Then come and reap thy harvest there.



**THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.**

**THE** world is grown old, and her pleasures are  
past ;

**The** world is grown old, and her form may not  
last ;

**The** world is grown old, and trembles for fear ;  
For sorrows abound and judgment is near.

**The** sun in the heaven is languid and pale ;  
And feeble and few are the fruits of the vale ;  
And the hearts of the nations fail them for fear,  
For the world is grown old, and judgment is  
near.

**The** king on his throne, the bride in her bower,  
The children of pleasure all feel the sad hour ;  
The roses are faded, and tasteless the cheer,  
For the world is grown old, and judgment is near.

**The** world is grown old,—but should we com-  
plain,  
**Who** have tried her and know that her promise  
is vain ?

**Our** heart is in heaven, our home is not here,  
And we look for our crown when judgment is  
near.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

O, Saviour, whom this holy morn  
 Gave to our world below,  
 To mortal want and labor born,  
 And more than mortal wo ;

Incarnate Word, by every grief,  
 By each temptation tried,  
 Who lives to yield our ills relief,  
 And to redeem us died ;

If gaily clothed and proudly fed,  
 In dangerous wealth we dwell,  
 Remind us of thy manger bed,  
 And lowly cottage cell.

If pressed by poverty severe,  
 In envious want we pine,  
 O may thy spirit whisper near,  
 How poor a lot was thine.

Through fickle fortune's various scene  
 From sin preserve us free ;  
 Like us thou hast a mourner been,  
 May we rejoice with thee.

## ST STEPHEN'S DAY.

**THE** Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain ;  
His blood-red banner streams afar ;  
Who follows in his train ?  
Who best can drink his cup of wo,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in his train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on him to save.  
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong.  
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

**They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane :  
They bowed their necks the death to feel.  
Who follows in their train ?**

**A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light arrayed.  
They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain.  
O God, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train.**

**ST JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.**

O God, who gav'st thy servant grace,  
Amid the storms of life distressed,  
To look on thine incarnate face,  
And lean on thy protecting breast :

To see the light that dimly shone,  
Eclipsed for us in sorrow pale,  
Pure Image of the Eternal One,  
Through shadows of thy mortal veil.

Be ours, O King of mercy, still  
To feel thy presence from above,  
And in thy word, and in thy will,  
To hear thy voice and know thy love ;

And when the toils of life are done,  
And nature waits thy dread decree,  
To find our rest beneath thy throne,  
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.

## INNOCENT'S DAY.

O weep not o'er thy children's tomb,  
O Rachel, weep not so :  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flower in heaven shall blow.

Firstlings of faith, the murderer's knife  
Has missed its deadliest aim :  
The God for whom they gave their life,  
For them to suffer came.

Though feeble were their days and few,  
Baptized in blood and pain,  
He knows them, whom they never knew,  
And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,  
O Rachel, weep not so :  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flower in heaven shall blow.

**SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS ; OF  
CIRCUMCISION.**

**LORD** of mercy and of might,  
Of mankind the life and light,  
Maker, teacher infinite,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Who, when sin's tremendous doom  
Gave Creation to the tomb,  
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Mighty monarch, Saviour mild,  
Humbled to a mortal child,  
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Throned above celestial things,  
Borne aloft on angel's wings,  
Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
Jesus, hear and save.

Who shalt yet return from high,  
Robed in might and majesty,  
Hear us, help us when we cry,  
Jesus, hear and save.

## EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on his cradle the dew drops are shining,  
 Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,  
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom and offerings divine?  
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;  
 Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,  
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.  
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,  
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.



## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

## LUKE II.

**ABASHED** be all the boast of age,  
 Be hoary learning dumb,  
 Expounder of the mystic page,  
 Behold an infant come.

O Wisdom, whose unfading power  
 Beside the Eternal stood,  
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,  
 The land, the sky, the flood ;

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile  
 An infant form to wear ;  
 To bless thy mother with a smile,  
 And lisp thy faltered prayer.

But, in thy Father's own abode,  
 With Israel's elders round,  
 Conversing high with Israel's God,  
 Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore thy name,  
 And, Saviour, deign to bless  
 With fostering grace the timid flame  
 Of early holiness.

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How sweet the lily grows,  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo, such the child whose early feet  
 The paths of peace have trod ;  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay ;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
 Of man's maturer age,  
 Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
 And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
 Within thy Father's shrine,  
 Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned  
 Were all alike divine,

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.

MONDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

bounty, largely spread,  
 our every want is fed,  
 we touch, or taste, or see,  
 them all, O Lord, to thee ;  
 the oil, the purple wine,  
 thy gifts, and only thine.

learn thy word to nectar dyed,  
 read thy blessing multiplied,  
 stormy wind, the whelming flood,  
 silent at thy mandate stood,  
 how well they knew thy voice divine,  
 whose works they were, and only thine.

though now no more on earth we trace  
 thy footsteps of celestial grace,  
 obedient to thy word and will  
 we seek thy daily mercy still ;  
 thy blessed beams around us shine,  
 And thine we are, and only thine.

## FOR THE SAME.

**INCARNATE** Word, who, wont to dwell  
In lowly shape and cottage cell,  
Didst not refuse a guest to be  
At Cana's poor festivity :

O, when our soul from care is free,  
Then, Saviour, may we think on Thee,  
And seated at the festal board,  
In Fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Then may we seem, in Fancy's ear,  
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear,  
And think,—even now, thy searching gaze  
Each secret of our soul surveys!

So may such joy, chastised and pure,  
Beyond the bounds of earth endure ;  
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind  
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

## FOR THE SAME.

**WHEN** on her Maker's bosom  
 The new-born earth was laid,  
 And nature's opening blossom  
 Its fairest bloom displayed ;  
**When** all with fruit and flowers  
 The laughing soil was dressed,  
 And Eden's fragrant bowers  
 Received their human guest ;  
**No** sin his face defiling,  
 The heir of Nature stood,  
 And God, benignly smiling,  
 Beheld that all was good.  
**Yet** in that hour of blessing,  
 A single want was known ;  
**A** wish the heart distressing ;  
 For Adam was alone.  
**O,** God of pure affection,  
 By men and saints adored,  
**Who** gavest thy protection  
 To Cana's nuptial board,  
**May** such thy bounties ever  
 To wedded love be shown,  
**And** no rude hand dissever  
 Whom thou hast linked in one.

**THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.****MATT. VIII.**

**LORD, whose love, in power excelling,  
 Washed the leper's stain away,  
 Jesus, from thy heavenly dwelling,  
 Hear us, help us, when we pray.**

**From the filth of vice and folly,  
 From infuriate passion's rage,  
 Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,  
 Heedless youth and selfish age ;**

**From the lusts whose deep pollutions  
 Adam's ancient taint disclose,  
 From the tempter's dark intrusions,  
 Restless doubt and blind repose ;**

**From the miser's cursed treasure,  
 From the drunkard's jest obscene,  
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,  
 Jesus, Ma-ter, make us clean.**

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## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is  
streaming,  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is  
gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seamen to cherish,  
We fly to our Maker—' Help, Lord, or we  
perish.'

O, Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his danger—' Help, Lord, or we  
perish.'

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,  
Arise in thy strength thy redeemed to cherish,  
Rebuke the destroyer—' Help, Lord, or we  
perish.'

## SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.

**THE** God of Glory walks his round,  
**From** day to day, from year to year,  
**And** warns us each with awful sound,  
 ‘ **No** longer stand ye idle here.

‘ **Ye** whose young cheeks are rosy bright,  
 Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are  
 clear,

**Waste** not of hope the morning light,  
**Ah,** fools, why stand ye idle here?

‘ **O,** as the griefs ye would assuage  
 That wait on life’s declining year,  
 Secure a blessing for your age,  
**And** work your Maker’s business here.

‘ **And** ye, whose locks of scanty gray  
 Foretell your latest travail near,  
 How swiftly fades your worthless day,  
**And** stand ye yet so idle here?

‘ **One** hour remains, there is but one,  
 But many a shriek and many a tear  
 Through endless years the guilt must moan  
**Of** moments lost and wasted here.’

**O** Thou, by all thy works adored,  
 To whom the sinner’s soul is dear,  
 Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,  
*And grant us grace to please thee here.*



## SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY.

O God, by whom the seed is given ;  
By whom the harvest blessed ;  
Whose word like manna showered from hea  
Is planted in our breast ;

Preserve it from the passing feet,  
And plunderers of the air ;  
The sultry sun's intenser heat,  
And weeds of worldly care ;

Though buried deep or thinly strown,  
Do thou thy grace supply ;  
The hope in earthly furrows sown  
Shall ripen in the sky.

## THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.

**VIRGIN-born, we bow before thee ;  
Blessed was the womb that bore thee ;  
Mary, mother meek and mild,  
Blessed was she in her child.**

**Blessed was the breast that fed thee,  
Blessed was the hand that led thee,  
Blessed was the parent's eye  
That watched thy slumbering infancy.**

**Blessed she by all creation,  
Who brought forth the world's salvation,  
And blessed they, for ever blessed,  
Who love thee most and serve thee best.**

**Virgin-born, we bow before thee ;  
Blessed was the womb that bore thee ;  
Mary, mother meek and mild,  
Blessed was she in her child.**

## FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

O, King of earth and air and sea,  
The hungry ravens cry to thee ;  
To thee the scaly tribes that sweep  
The bosom of the boundless deep ;  
To thee the lions roaring call,  
The common Father, kind to all ;  
Then grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain ;  
The ravens spread their wings in vain ;  
The roaring lions lack and pine ;  
But, God ! thou carest still for thine.

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless  
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;  
And thou hast taught us, Lord, to pray  
For daily bread from day to day.

And O, when through the wilds we roam  
That part us from our heavenly home ;  
When lost in danger, want, and wo,  
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;

Do thou thy gracious comfort give,  
By which alone the soul may live ;  
And grant thy servants, Lord, we pray,  
The bread of life from day to day.

## FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

O Thou, whom neither time nor space  
Can circle in, unseen, unknown,  
Nor faith in boldest flight can trace,  
Save through thy Spirit and thy Son ;

And Thou, that from thy bright abode,  
To us in mortal weakness shown,  
Didst graft the manhood into God,  
Eternal, co-eternal Son ;

And Thou, whose unction from on high  
By comfort, light, and love is known,  
Who, with the parent Deity,  
Dread Spirit, art for ever one !

Great First and Last, thy blessing give,  
And grant us faith, thy gift alone,  
To love and praise thee while we live,  
And do whate'er thou wouldst have done.

SIXTH SUNDAY IN LEA.

THE Lord of might, from Sinai's brow,  
Gave forth his voice of thunder ;  
And Israel lay on earth below,  
Outstretched in fear and wonder.  
Beneath his feet was pitchy night,  
And, at his left hand, and his right,  
The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of love, on Calvary,  
A meek and suffering stranger,  
Upraised to heaven his languid eye,  
In nature's hour of danger.  
For us he bore the weight of wo,  
For us he gave his blood to flow,  
And met his Father's anger.

love, the Lord of mig'  
ted. . .

## GOOD FRIDAY.

O more than merciful ! whose bounty gave  
 Thy guiltless self to glut the greedy grave,  
 Whose heart was rent to pay thy people's price,  
 The great High-priest at once and sacrifice ;  
 Help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain,  
 Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain.

When sin with flowery garland hides her dart,  
 When tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,  
 When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care,  
 Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare,—  
 Help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain,  
 Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain.

And, chiefest then, when nature yields the strife,  
 And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life,  
 When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free,  
 Sinks at thy feet and lifts its hopes to thee—  
 Help, Saviour, by thy cross and crimson stain,  
 Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain.

## EASTER DAY.

God is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high :  
With his own right hand and his holy arm  
He hath won the victory.

Now empty are the courts of death,  
And crushed thy sting, despair :  
And roses bloom in the desert tomb,  
For Jesus hath been there.

And he hath tamed the strength of hell,  
And dragged him through the sky,  
And captive behind his chariot wheel,  
He hath bound captivity.

God is gone up with a merry noise  
Of saints that sing on high ;  
With his own right hand and his holy arm  
He hath won the victory.

**FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.**

**LIFE** nor **Death** shall us dissever  
From his love who reigns for ever.  
Will he fail us? **Never, never,**  
When to him we cry.

Sin may seek to snare us,  
Fiery passion tear us,  
Doubt and fear and grim despair,  
Their fangs against us try :

But his might shall still defend us,  
And his blessed Son befriend us,  
And his Holy Spirit send us  
Comfort ere we die.



ASCENSION DAY, AND SUNDAY AF-  
TER.

- ‘**SIT** thou on my right hand, my Son!’ saith  
the Lord.
- ‘**SIT** thou on my right hand, my Son,  
Till in the fatal hour  
Of my wrath, and my power,  
Thy foes shall be a footstool to thy throne.
- ‘**Prayer** shall be made to thee, my Son,’ saith  
the Lord.
- ‘**Prayer** shall be made to thee, my Son,  
From earth and air and sea,  
And all that in them be,  
Which thou for thine heritage hast won.’
- ‘**Daily** be thou praised, my Son,’ saith the Lord.
- ‘**Daily** be thou praised, my Son.  
And all that live and move,  
Let them bless thy bleeding love,  
And the work which thy worthiness hath done.’

## WHITSUNDAY.

**SPIRIT of Truth, on this thy day  
To thee for help we cry ;  
To guide us through the dreary way  
Of dark mortality.**

**We ask not, Lord, thy cloven flame,  
Or tongues of various tone ;  
But long thy praises to proclaim  
With fervor in our own.**

**We mourn not that prophetic skill  
Is found on earth no more ;  
Enough for us to trace thy will  
In Scripture's sacred lore.**

**We neither have nor seek the power  
Ill demons to control ;  
But thou in dark temptation's hour,  
Shalt chase them from the soul.**

**No heavenly harpings soothe our ear,  
No mystic dreams we share ;  
Yet hope to feel thy comfort near,  
And bless thee in our prayer.**

**When tongues shall cease and power decay,  
And knowledge empty prove,  
Do thou thy trembling servants stay  
With faith, with hope, with love.**

## TRINITY SUNDAY.

**HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,**  
 Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee ;  
**Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty !**  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

**Holy, holy, holy, all the saints adore thee,**  
 Casting down their golden crowns around the  
 glassy sea ;  
**Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,**  
 Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.

**Holy, holy, holy, though the darkness hide thee,**  
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may  
 not see,  
**Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,**  
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

**Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,**  
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth and  
 sky and sea.  
**Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,**  
 God in three persons, blessed Trinity.

## FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Room for the proud ! Ye sons of clay,  
 From far his sweeping pomp survey,  
 Nor, rashly curious, clog the way  
     His chariot wheels before.

Lo, with what scorn his lofty eye  
 Glances o'er age and poverty,  
 And bids intruding conscience fly  
     Far from his palace door.

Room for the proud ! but slow the feet  
 That bear his coffin down the street :  
 And dismal seems his winding-sheet  
     Who purple lately wore.

Ah, where must now his spirit fly  
 In naked, trembling agony ?  
 Or how shall he for mercy cry,  
     Who showed it not before.

Room for the proud ! in ghastly state  
 The lords of hell his coming wait,  
 And flinging wide the dreadful gate.  
     That shuts to ope no more,

' Lo here with us the seat,' they cry,  
 ' For him who mocked at poverty,  
 And bade intruding conscience fly  
     Far from his palace door.'

## FOR THE SAME.

THE feeble pulse, the gasping breath,  
 The clenched teeth, the glazed eye,  
 Are these thy sting, thou dreadful Death?  
 O Grave, are these thy victory?

The mourners by our parting bed,  
 The wife, the children weeping nigh,  
 The dismal pageant of the dead,—  
 These, these are not thy victory.

But, from the much-loved world to part,  
 Our lust untamed, our spirit high,  
 All nature struggling at the heart,  
 Which dying, feels it dare not die.

To dream through life a gaudy dream  
 Of pride and pomp and luxury,  
 Till wakened by the nearer gleam  
 Of burning, boundless agony;

To meet o'er soon our angry King,  
 Whose love we passed unheeded by;  
 Lo this, O Death, thy deadliest sting,  
 O Grave, and this thy victory.

O Searcher of the secret heart,  
 Who deigned for sinful man to die,  
 Restore us ere the spirit part,  
 Nor give to hell the victory.

**SECOND SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.**

**FORTH** from the dark and stormy sky,  
**Lord**, to thine altar's shade we fly ;  
**Forth** from the world, its hope and fear,  
**Saviour**, we seek thy shelter here :  
**Wear**y and weak, thy grace we pray ;  
**Turn** not, O Lord, thy guests away. ↵

**Long** have we roamed in want and pain,  
**Long** have we sought thy rest in vain ;  
**Wild**ered in doubt, in darkness lost,  
**Long** have our souls been tempest-tost :  
**Low** at thy feet our sins we lay ;  
**Turn** not, O Lord, thy guests away.

## THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

THERE was joy in heaven,  
There was joy in heaven,  
When this goodly world to frame  
The Lord of might and mercy came :  
Shouts of joy were heard on high,  
And the stars sang from the sky,  
' Glory to God in heaven.'

There was joy in heaven,  
There was joy in heaven,  
When the billows, heaving dark,  
Sank around the stranded ark,  
And the rainbow's watery span  
Spake of mercy, hope to man,  
And peace with God in Heaven.

There was joy in heaven,  
There was joy in heaven,  
When of love the midnight beam  
Dawned on the towers of Bethlehem ;  
And along the echoing hill  
Angels sang— ' On earth good will,  
And glory in the Heaven.'

**There is joy in heaven,  
There is joy in heaven,  
When the sheep that went astray  
Turns again to virtue's way ;  
When the soul by grace subdued,  
Sobs its prayer of gratitude,  
Then is there joy in Heaven.**



## FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

I praised the earth, in beauty seen  
With garlands gay of various green ;  
I praised the sea, whose ample field  
Shone glorious as a silver shield ;  
And earth and ocean seemed to say,  
' Our beauties are but for a day.'

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled  
On wheels of amber and of gold ;  
I praised the moon, whose softer eye  
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky :  
And moon and sun in answer said,  
' Our days of light are numbered.'

O God, O good beyond compare,  
If thus thy meaner works are fair,  
If thus thy bounties gild the span  
Of ruined earth and sinful man,  
How glorious must the mansion be  
Where thy redeemed shall dwell with Thee.

## FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

**CREATOR** of the rolling flood !

On whom thy people hope alone ;  
 Who cam'st, by water and by blood,  
 For man's offences to atone ;

Who from the labors of the deep  
 Didst set thy servant Peter free,  
 To feed on earth thy chosen sheep,  
 And build an endless church to thee ;

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,  
 And leaning on thy bounteous hand,  
 To seek thy help in humble prayer,  
 And on thy sacred rock to stand :

And when, our livelong toil to crown,  
 Thy call shall set the spirit free,  
 To cast with joy our burthen down,  
 And rise, O Lord, and follow thee.

## SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WHEN spring unlocks the flowers to paint the  
laughing soil ;

When summer's balmy showers refresh the  
mower's toil ;

When winter binds in frosty chains the fallow  
and the flood,

In God the earth rejoiceth still, and owns his  
Maker good.

The birds that wake the morning, and those that  
love the shade ;

The winds that sweep the mountain or lull the  
drowsy glade ;

The sun that from his amber bower rejoiceth on  
his way,

The moon and stars, their Master's name in si-  
lent pomp display.

Shall man, the lord of nature, expectant of the  
sky,

Shall man, alone unthankful, his little praise  
deny ?

No, let the year forsake his course, the seasons  
cease to be,

Thee, Master, must we always love, and, Sa-  
viour, honor thee.

The flowers of spring may wither, the hope of  
summer fade,  
The autumn droop in winter, the birds forsake  
the shade;  
The winds be lulled—the sun and moon forget  
their old decree,  
But we in nature's latest hour, O Lord, will cling  
to thee.

## TENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

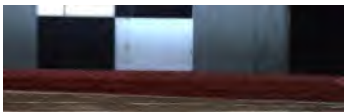
**JERUSALEM, Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,  
 Thou favored home of God on earth, thou heaven  
 below the sky,  
 Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a curse  
 and grief to see,  
 Jerusalem, Jerusalem, our tears shall flow for  
 thee.**

**O, hadst thou known thy day of grace, and  
 flocked beneath the wing  
 Of him who called thee lovingly, thine own an-  
 ointed King,  
 Then had the tribes of all the world gone up thy  
 pomp to see,  
 And glory dwelt within thy gates, and all thy  
 sons been free.**

**‘ And who art thou that mournest me ?’ replied  
 the ruin gray,  
 ‘ And fear’st not rather that thyself may prove  
 a castaway ?  
 I am a dried and abject branch, my place is given  
 to thee ;  
 But wo to every barren graft of thy wild olive-  
 tree.**

Our day of grace is sunk in night, our time of  
mercy spent,  
For heavy was my children's crime, and strange  
their punishment ;  
Yet gaze not idly on our fall, but, sinner, warned  
be,  
Who spared not his chosen seed may send his  
wrath on thee.

Our day of grace is sunk in night, thy noon is  
in its prime ;  
O, turn and seek thy Saviour's face in this ac-  
cepted time.  
So, Gentile, may Jerusalem a lesson prove to thee,  
And in the new Jerusalem thy home for ever be.'



THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
ITY.

- ‘ Who yonder on the desert heath,  
Complains in feeble tone ?’  
—‘ A pilgrim in the vale of death,  
Faint, bleeding and alone.’
- ‘ How cam’st thou to this dismal strand  
Of danger, grief, and shame ?’  
—‘ From blessed Sion’s holy land,  
By folly led, I came.’
- ‘ What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare  
Whose fury laid thee low ?’  
—‘ Sin for my footsteps twined her sna  
And death has dealt the blow.’
- ‘ Can art no medicine for thy wound,  
Nor nature strength supply ?’  
—‘ They saw me bleeding on the ground  
And passed in silence by.’
- ‘ But, sufferer, is no comfort near  
Thy terrors to remove ?’  
—‘ There is to whom my soul was dear  
But I have scorned his love.’

‘ What if his hand were nigh to save  
From endless death thy days ?’  
— ‘ The soul he ransomed from the grave  
Should live but to his praise.’

‘ Rise then, O rise, his health embrace,  
With heavenly strength renewed ;  
And such as is thy Saviour’s grace,  
Such be thy gratitude.’



## FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

Lo, the lilies of the field,  
 How their leaves instruction yield!  
 Hark to nature's lesson given  
 By the blessed birds of Heaven  
 Every bush and tufted tree  
 Warbles sweet philosophy;  
 'Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow:  
 God provideth for the morrow,

' Say, with richer crimson glows  
 The kingly mantle than the rose?  
 Say, have kings more wholesome fare  
 Than we poor citizens of air?  
 Barns nor hoarded grain have we,  
 Yet we carol merrily.  
 Mortal, fly from doubt and sorrow,  
 God provideth for the morrow.

' One there lives whose guardian eye  
 Guides our humble destiny:  
 One there lives, who Lord of all,  
 Keeps our feathers lest they fall:  
 Pass we blithely, then, the time,  
 Fearless of the snare and lime,  
 Free from doubt and faithless sorrow  
 God provideth for the morrow.'

SIXTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.

WAKE not, O mother, sounds of lamentation ;  
 Weep not, O widow, weep not hopelessly :  
 Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation,  
 Strong is the word of God to succor thee.

Bear forth the cold corpse slowly, slowly bear him :  
 Hide his pale features with the sable pall :  
 Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him :  
 Widowed and childless, she has lost her all.

Why pause the mourners? Who forbids our  
 weeping ?  
 Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delayed ?  
 ' Set down the bier—he is not dead, but sleeping.  
 ' Young man, arise !'—He spake, and wa<sup>s</sup>  
 obeyed.

Change, then, O sad one, grief to exultation,  
 Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.  
 Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation,  
 Strong was the word of God to succor thee.

NINETEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.

O blest were the accents of early creation,  
When the Word of Jehovah came down from  
above :

In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,  
And wake their cold atoms to life-and to love

And mighty the tones which the firmamen  
tended,

When on wheels of the thunder, and wings of  
the wind,

By lightning, and hail, and thick darkness  
tended,

He uttered on Sinai his laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the First-born  
heaven,

(Though poor his apparel, though earthly  
form,)

Who said to the mourner, ' Thy sins are  
given,'

' Be whole,' to the sick,—and ' Be still,'  
the storm.

**O, Judge of the world, when arrayed in thy glory,  
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,  
While nature stands trembling and naked before  
thee,**

**And waits on thy sentence to live or to die ;**

**When the heaven shall fly fast from the sound  
of thy thunder,**

**And the sun, in thy lightnings, grow languid  
and pale,**

**And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave  
asunder,**

**In the hour of thy terrors, let mercy prevail.**

## TRINITY.

**THE** sound of war ! In earth and a  
The volleying thunders roll :  
Their fiery darts the fiends prepare  
And dig the pit, and spread the snare  
Against the Christian's soul.  
The tyrant's sword, the rack, the fl  
The scorner's serpent tone,  
Of bitter doubt the barbed aim,  
All, all conspire his heart to tame  
Force, fraud, and hellish fires assa  
The rivets of his heavenly mail,  
Amidst his foes alone.

**Gods** of the world, ye warrior k  
Of darkness and of air,  
In vain is all your impious boast

'T is past, 't is o'er! in foul defeat  
The demon host are fled,  
Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,  
(His live-long work of faith complete,)  
Their conqueror bends his head.  
'The spoils thyself hast gained, Lord :  
I lay before thy throne :  
Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword ;  
My trust was in thy name and word :  
'T was in thy strength my heart was strong ;  
Thy spirit went with mine along ;  
How was I then alone ?'

**TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.**

O God, my sins are manifold, against my life  
they cry,  
And all my guilty deeds foregone, up to thy temple  
fly ;  
Wilt thou release my trembling soul, that to des-  
pair is driven ?  
‘ Forgive ! ’ a blessed voice replied, ‘ and thou  
shalt be forgiven.’

My foemen, Lord, are fierce and fell, they spurn  
me in their pride,  
They render evil for my good, my patience they  
deride ;  
Arise, O King, and be the proud to righteous  
ruin driven.

‘ Forgive ! ’ an awful answer came, ‘ as thou  
would’st be forgiven.’

Seven times, O Lord, I pardoned them, seven  
times they sinned again :  
They practise still to work me wo, they triumph  
in my pain ;  
But let them dread my vengeance now, to just re-  
sentment driven.

‘ Forgive ! ’ the voice of thunder spake, ‘ or never  
be forgiven.’

**TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.**

**FROM** foes that would the land devour ;  
**FROM** guilty pride, and lust of power ;  
**FROM** wild sedition's lawless hour ;  
    **FROM** yoke of slavery ;  
**FROM** blinded zeal by faction led ;  
**FROM** giddy change by fancy bred ;  
**FROM** poisonous error's serpent head,  
    **Good Lord, preserve us free.**

**Defend, O God, with guardian hand,**  
**The laws and ruler of our land,**  
**And grant our church thy grace to stand**  
    **In faith and unity ;**  
**The spirit's help of thee we crave,**  
**That thou, whose blood was shed to save,**  
**Mayest, at thy second coming, have**  
    **A flock to welcome thee.**



**TWENTY-FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER  
TRINITY.**

To conquer and to save, the Son of God  
Came to his own in great humility,  
Who went to ride on cherub wings abroad,  
And round him wrap the mantle of the sky.  
The mountains bent their necks to form his road ;  
The clouds dropt down their fatness from on high ;  
Beneath his feet the wild waves softly flowed,  
And the winds kissed his garment tremblingly.

The grave unbolted half his grisly door,  
(For darkness and the deep had heard his fame,  
Nor longer might their ancient rule endure ;)  
The mightiest of mankind stood hushed and tame :  
And, trooping on strong wing, his angels came  
To work his will, and kingdom to secure ;  
No strength he needed save his father's name ;  
Babes were his heralds, and his friends the poor.

•

## FOR ST JAMES' DAY.

THOUGH sorrow's rise and dangers roll  
 In waves of darkness o'er my soul,  
 Though friends are false and love decays,  
 And few and evil are my days,  
 Though conscience, fiercest of my foes,  
 Swells with remembered guilt my woes,  
 Yet even in nature's utmost ill,  
 I love thee, Lord, I love thee still.

Though Sinai's curse, in thunder dread,  
 Peals o'er mine unprotected head,  
 And memory points, with busy pain,  
 To grace and mercy given in vain,  
 Till nature, shrieking in the strife,  
 Would fly to hell, to 'scape from life,  
 Though every thought has power to kill,  
 I love thee, Lord, I love thee still.

O, by the pangs thyself hast borne,  
 The ruffian's blow, the tyrant's scorn ;  
 By Sinai's curse, whose dreadful doom  
 Was buried in thy guiltless tomb :  
 By these my pangs, whose healing smart  
 Thy grace hath planted in my heart ;  
 I know, I feel, thy bounteous will,  
 Thou lov'st me, Lord, thou lov'st me still.

## MICHAELMAS DAY.

O, captain of God's host, whose dreadful might  
Led forth to war the armed Seraphim,  
And from the starry height,  
Subdued in burning fight,  
Cast down that ancient dragon, dark and grim.

Thine angels, Christ, we laud in solemn lays,  
Our elder brethren of the crystal sky,  
Who, 'mid thy glory's blaze,  
The ceaseless anthem raise,  
And gird thy throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose viewless wing  
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,  
The mercies of their king,  
To mortal saints to bring,  
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

But thee, the first and last, we glorify,  
Who, when thy world was sunk in death and sin,  
Not with thine hierarchy,  
The armies of the sky,  
But didst with thine own arm the battle win ;

Alone didst pass the dark and dismal shore,  
Alone didst tread the wine-press, and alone,  
All glorious in thy gore,  
Didst light and life restore,  
To us who lay in darkness and undone ;

Therefore, with angels and archangels, we  
To thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,  
And tune our songs to thee  
Who art, and ought to be,  
And, endless as thy mercies, sound thy praise.

**IN TIMES OF DISTRESS AND DANGER.**

O God, that madest earth and sky, the darkness  
and the day,  
Give ear to this thy family, and help us when we  
pray.

For wide the waves of bitterness around our ves-  
sel roar,  
And heavy grows the pilot's heart to view the  
rocky shore.

The cross our master bore for us, for him we fain  
would bear,  
But mortal strength to weakness turns, and cour-  
age to despair.  
Then mercy on our failings, Lord, our sinking  
faith renew,  
And when thy sorrows visit us, O send thy pa-  
tience too.

INTENDED TO BE SUNG ON OCCA-  
 SION OF HIS PREACHING A SER-  
 MON FOR THE CHURCH MIS-  
 SIONARY SOCIETY, IN  
 APRIL, 1820.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
 From India's coral strand,  
 Where Afric's sunny fountains  
 Roll down their golden sand ;  
 From many an ancient river,  
 From many a palmy plain,  
 They call us to deliver  
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes  
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
 Though every prospect pleases,  
 And only man is vile :  
 In vain with lavish kindness  
 The gifts of God are strown,  
 The heathen, in his blindness,  
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny ?  
Salvation, O salvation !  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole ;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

**AN INTROIT TO BE SUNG BETWEEN  
THE LITANY AND COMMUNION  
SERVICE.**

**O most merciful !  
O most bountiful !  
God the Father Almighty !  
By the Redeemer's  
Sweet intercession  
Hear us, help us when we cry.**



**BEFORE THE SACRAMENT.**

**BREAD** of the world, in mercy broken ;  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed ;  
By whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in whose death our sins are dead ;

Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed,  
And be thy feast to us the token  
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

## AT A FUNERAL.

**BENEATH** our feet and o'er our head  
Is equal warning given ;  
Beneath us lie the countless dead,  
Above us is the heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,  
Their bones are in the clay ;  
And ere another day is done,  
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,  
He lurks in every flower ;  
Each season has its own disease,  
Its peril every hour.

Our eyes have seen the rosy light  
Of youth's soft cheek decay,  
And Fate descend in sudden night  
On manhood's middle day.

Our eyes have seen the steps of age  
Halt feebly towards the tomb,  
And yet shall earth our hearts engage,  
And dreams of days to come ?

Turn, mortal, turn! thy danger know ;  
Where'er thy foot can tread  
The earth rings hollow from below,  
And warns thee of her dead.

Turn, Christian, turn! thy soul apply  
To truths divinely given ;  
The bones that underneath thee lie  
Shall live for hell or heaven.

STANZAS  
ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THOU art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
deplore thee,  
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the  
tomb :  
Thy Saviour has passed through its portal before  
thee,  
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through  
the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer be-  
hold thee,  
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy  
side ;  
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold  
thee,  
And sinners may die, for the SINLESS has died.

Thou art gone to the grave ; and, its mansion  
forsaking,  
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long ;  
But the mild rays of paradise beamed on thy  
waking,  
And the sound which thou heard'st was the ser-  
aphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but we will not  
 deplore thee,  
 Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian and  
 guide ;  
 He gave thee, he took thee, and he will restore  
 thee,  
 And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.\*

\* The following stanzas were written as an  
 addition to the above hymn, by an English cler-  
 gyman, on hearing of the decease of the author.

Thou art gone to the grave ; and whole nations  
 bemoan thee,  
 Who caught from thy lips the glad tidings of  
 peace :  
 Yet grateful, they still in their hearts shall en-  
 throne thee,  
 And ne'er shall thy name from their memo-  
 ries cease.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but thy work shall  
 not perish,  
 That work which the spirit of wisdom hath blest ;  
 His strength shall sustain it, his comforts shall  
 cherish,  
 And make it to prosper, though thou art at rest.

## ON RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS

O, Saviour of the faithful dead,  
With whom thy servants dwell,  
Though cold and green the turf is spread  
Above their narrow cell,—

No more we cling to mortal clay,  
We doubt and fear no more,  
Nor shrink to tread the darksome way  
Which thou hast trod before.

'T was hard from those I loved to go,  
Who knelt around my bed,  
Whose tears bedewed my burning brow,  
Whose arms upheld my head.

As fading from my dizzy view,  
I sought their forms in vain,  
The bitterness of death I knew,  
And groaned to live again.

'T was dreadful, when th' accuser's power  
Assailed my sinking heart,  
Recounting every wasted hour,  
And each unworthy part :

But, Jesus, in that mortal fray,  
Thy blessed comfort stole,  
Like sunshine in a stormy day,  
Across my darkened soul.

When soon or late this feeble breath  
No more to thee shall pray,  
Support me through the vale of death,  
And in the darksome way.

When clothed in fleshly weeds again  
I wait thy dread decree,  
Judge of the world, bethink thee then  
That thou hast died for me.



TRANSLATIONS

OF

PINDAR.





## THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN  
THE HORSE RACE.

CAN earth, or fire, or liquid air,  
With water's sacred stream compare ?  
Can aught that wealthy tyrants hold  
Surpass the lordly blaze of gold ?—  
Or lives there one, whose restless eye  
Would seek along the empty sky,  
Beneath the sun's meridian ray,  
A warmer star, a purer day ?  
O thou, my soul, whose choral song  
Would tell of contests sharp and strong,  
Extol not other lists above  
The circus of Olympian Jove ;  
Whence borne on many a tuneful tongue,  
To Saturn's seed the anthem sung,  
With harp, and flute and trumpet's call,  
Hath sped to Hiero's festival.—

Wove in various wreath  
But the bud of poesy  
Is the fairest flower of a  
Which the bards, in social  
Strow round Hiero's we  
The harp on yonder pin sus;  
Sieze it, boy, for Pisa's sa  
And that good steed's, whose  
A joy with anxious fondne  
No sounding lash his steel  
By Alpheus' bride, with  
Self-driven to the goal he  
And earned the olive wr  
For that dear lord, who:  
The sons of Syracuse tell  
Who loves the generous cou  
Beloved himself by all wh  
In Pelop's Lydian colony.—  
—Of earth-embracing Neptu

—Well,—these are tales of mystery!—  
And many a darkly woven lie  
With men will easy credence gain;  
While truth, calm truth, may speak in vain;  
For eloquence, whose honeyed sway  
Our frailer mortal wits obey,  
Can honor give to actions ill,  
And faith to deeds incredible;—  
And bitter blame, and praises high,  
Fall truest from posterity.

But if we dare the deeds rehearse  
Of those that aye endure,  
'T were meet that in such dangerous verse  
Our every word were pure.  
Then, son of Tantalus, receive  
A plain unvarnished lay.  
My song shall elder fables leave,  
And of thy parent say,  
That when in heaven a favored guest,  
He called the gods in turns to feast  
On Sipylus, his mountain home:—  
The sovereign of the ocean foam,  
—Can mortal form such favor prove?—  
Rapt thee on golden car above  
To highest house of mighty Jove;  
To which, in after day,

The dark-winged eagle's prey.

And when no earthly tongue could tell  
The fate of thee, invisible ;—  
Nor friends, who sought thee wide in vain,  
To soothe thy weeping mother's pain,  
Could bring the wanderer home again ;  
    Some envious neighbor's spleen,  
In distant hints, and darkly, said,  
That in the caldron hissing red,  
And on the god's great table spread,  
    Thy mangled limbs were seen.  
But who shall tax, I dare not, I,  
The blessed gods with gluttony ?—  
Full oft the slanderous tongue has felt  
By their high wrath the thunder dealt ;—  
And sure, if ever mortal head  
Heaven's holy watchers honored,  
    Knows Lydia's lord.

He eyes, above his guilty head,  
The shadowy rocks' impending weight :  
The fourth with that tormented three  
In horrible society !—

For that, in frantic theft,  
The nectar cup he reft,  
And to his mortal peers in feasting poured  
For whom a sin it were  
With mortal life to share  
The mystic dainties of th' immortal board :  
And who by policy  
Can hope to 'scape the eye  
Of him who sits above by men and gods adored ?

For such offence, a doom severe,  
Sent down the sun to sojourn here  
Among the fleeting race of man ;  
Who when the curly down began  
To clothe his cheek in darker shade,  
To car-borne Pisa's royal maid  
A lover's tender service paid.  
But, in the darkness first he stood  
Alone, by ocean's hoary flood,  
And raised to him the suppliant cry,  
The hoarse earth-shaking deity.

The god of waters came.

He came, whom thus the youth ad  
' O thou, if that immortal breast  
Have felt a lover's flame,  
A lover's prayer in pity hear,  
Repel the tyrant's brazen spear  
That guards my lovely dame,—  
And grant a car whose rolling speed  
May help a lover at his need ;  
Condemned by Pisa's hand to bleed,  
Unless I win the envied meed  
In Elis' field of fame.  
For youthful knights thirteen  
By him have slaughtered been,  
His daughter vexing with perverse d  
Such to a coward's eye  
Were evil augury ;  
Nor durst a coward's heart the strife  
Yet since alike to all

in vain, his grief he told—  
er of the watery space  
a wondrous car of gold,  
less steeds of winged pace.  
in the deathful race,  
ed the strength of Pisa's king,  
his bride of beauteous face,  
a stock of warriors spring,  
ant sons, as legends sing.  
with fame and virtue crowned,  
Alpheus' stream in wat'ry ring,  
half his turfy mound,  
beneath the piled ground ;  
at blessed spot where strangers move  
a long procession round  
ir of protecting Jove.  
in yonder lists of fame,  
he noble Pelop's name ;  
ength of hands and nimble feet  
nd dubious contest meet ;  
renown and honeyed praise,  
ving length of honored days,  
r's weary toil repays.

are past or future joys ?—  
sent is our own.  
wise who best employs



The passing hour alone.  
To crown with knightly wreath the king,  
    (A grateful task,) be mine ;  
And on the smooth Æolian string  
    To praise his ancient line.  
For ne'er shall wandering minstrel find  
A chief so just,—a friend so kind ;  
With every grace of fortune blest ;  
The mightiest, wisest, bravest, best.

God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds,  
Have thee in charge, king Hiero!—so again  
The bard may sing thy horny-hoofed steeds  
In frequent triumph o'er the Olympian plain ;  
Nor shall the Bard awake a lowly strain,  
His wild notes flinging o'er the Cronian steep ;  
Whose ready muse, and not invoked in vain,  
Forsuch high mark her strongest shaft shall keep.

Each hath his proper eminence.  
To kings indulgent, Providence  
(No farther search the will of heaven)  
The glories of the earth hath given.  
Still mayest thou reign! enough for me  
To dwell with heroes like to thee,  
Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.

## II.

TO THERON OF AGRAGAS, VICTOR  
IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

O song, whose voice the harp obeys,  
Accordant aye with answering string ;  
What god, what hero wilt thou praise,  
What man of godlike prowess sing ?—  
Lo Jove himself is Pisa's king ;  
And Jove's strong son the first to raise  
The barriers of the Olympic ring.  
And now, victorious on the wing  
Of sounding wheels, our bards proclaim  
The stranger Theron's honored name,  
The flower of no ignoble race,  
And prop of ancient Agragas.

His patient sires, for many a year,  
Where that blue river rolls its flood,  
Mid fruitless war and civil blood  
Essayed their sacred home to rear,  
Till time assigned, in fatal hour,  
Their native virtues, wealth and power ;  
And made them from their low degree,  
The eye of warlike Sicily.

And, may that power of ancient birth,  
 From Saturn sprung, and parent Earth,  
 Of tall Olympus' lord,  
 Who sees with still benignant eye  
 The games' long splendor sweeping by  
 His Alpheus' holy ford :—  
 Appeased with anthems chanted high,  
 To Theron's late posterity  
 A happier doom accord ;—  
 Or good or ill, the past is gone,  
 Nor time himself, the parent one,  
 Can make the former deeds undone ;—  
 But who would these recall,—  
 When happier days would fain efface  
 The memory of each past disgrace,  
 And, from the gods, on Theron's race  
 Unbounded blessings fall ?—

Ex ample meet for such a song,  
 The sister queens of Laius' blood ;  
 Who sorrow's edge endured long,  
 Made keener by remembered good.  
 Yet now she breathes the air of Heaven  
 (On earth by smouldering thunder riven,)  
 Long-haired Semele :—  
 To Pallas dear is she ;—  
 Dear to the sire of gods, and dear

To him, her son, in dreadful glee  
Who shakes the ivy-wreathed spear.

And thus, they tell that deep below  
The sounding ocean's ebb and flow,  
Amid the daughters of the sea,  
A sister nymph must Ino be,  
And dwell in bliss eternally :—

But, ignorant and blind,  
We little know the coming hour ;  
Or if the latter day shall lower ;  
Or if to nature's kindly power

Our life in peace resigned,  
Shall sink like fall of summer eve,  
And on the face of darkness leave

A ruddy smile behind,—  
For grief and joy with fitful gale  
Our crazy bark by turns assail,

And, whence our blessings flow,  
That same tremendous Providence  
Will oft a varying doom dispense,  
And lay the mighty low.

To Theban Laius that befell,  
Whose son, with murder dyed,  
Fulfilled the former oracle,  
Unconscious parricide.

Unconscious—yet' avenging hell  
 Pursued th' offender's stealthy pace,  
 And heavy, sure, and hard it fell,  
 The curse of blood, on all his race.  
     Spared from their kindred strife,  
     The young Thersander's life,  
 Stern Polynices' heir, was left alone :  
     In every martial game,  
     And in the field of fame,  
**For early force and matchless prowess known :**  
 Was left, the pride and prop to be  
 Of good Adrastus' pedigree.  
 And hence, through loins of ancient kings,  
 The warrior blood of Theron springs ;  
 Exalted name, to whom belong  
 The minstrel's harp, the poet's song,  
     In fair Olympia crowned ;  
 And where, mid Pythia's olives blue,  
 An equal lot his brother drew :  
 And where his twice-twain coursers flew  
     The isthmus twelve times round.  
 Such honor, earned by toil and care,  
 May best his ancient wrongs repair,  
     And wealth, unstained by pride,  
 May laugh at fortune's fickle power,  
 And blameless in the tempting hour  
     Of syren ease abide :—

Led by that star of heavenly ray,  
 Which best may keep our darkling way  
 O'er life's unsteady tide.

For, whoso holds in righteousness the throne,  
 He in his heart hath known  
 How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,  
 In chambers dark and dread,  
 Of nether earth abide, and penal flame :  
 Where he, whom none may name,  
 Lays bare the soul by stern necessity ;  
 Seated in judgment high ;  
 The minister of God whose arm is there,  
 In heaven alike and hell, almighty every where !

But, ever bright, by day, by night,  
 Exulting in excess of light ;  
 From labor free and long distress,  
 The good enjoy their happiness.  
 No more the stubborn soil they cleave,  
 Nor stem for scanty food the wave ;  
 But with the venerable gods they dwell :  
 No tear bedims their thankful eye,  
 Nor mars their long tranquillity ;  
 While those accursed, howl in pangs unspeak-  
 able.

But, who the thrice-renewed probation

Of either world may well endure ;  
And keep with righteous destination  
The soul from all transgression pure ;  
To such and such alone is given,  
To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,  
To that tall city of almighty time,  
Where Ocean's balmy breezes play,  
And, flashing to the western day,  
The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime,  
Now in the happy isles are seen  
Sparkling through the groves of green ;  
And now, all glorious to behold,  
Tinge the wave with floating gold.

Hence are their garlands woven—hence their  
hands  
Filled with triumphal boughs ;—the righteous  
doom  
Of Rhadamanthus, whom, o'er these his lands,  
A blameless judge in every time to come,  
Chronos, old Chronos, sire of gods hath placed ;  
Who with his consort dear,  
Dread Rhea, reigneth here,  
On cloudy throne with deathless honor graced.

And still, they say, in high communion,  
Peleus and Cadmus here abide ;

And, with the blest in blessed union,  
(Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied,)  
The daughter of the ancient sea  
Hath brought her warrior boy to be ;  
Him whose stern avenging blow  
Laid the prop of Ilium low,  
Hector, trained to slaughter, fell,  
By all but him invincible ;—  
And sea-born Cynus tamed, and slew  
Aurora's knight of Ethiop hue.

Beneath my rattling belt I wear  
A sheaf of arrows keen and clear,  
Of vocal shafts, that wildly fly,  
Nor ken the base their import high,  
Yet to the wise they breathe no vulgar melody.  
Yes, he is wise whom nature's dower  
Hath raised above the crowd.  
But, trained in study's formal hour,  
There are who hate the minstrel's power,  
As daws who mark the eagle tower,  
And croak in envy loud !—  
So let them rail ; but thou, my heart,  
Rest on the bow thy levelled dart ;  
Nor seek a worthier aim  
For arrow sent on friendship's wing,



Than him the Agragantine king  
Who best thy song may claim.

For, by eternal truth I swear,  
His parent town shall scanty bear  
A soul to every friend so dear,  
A breast so void of blame ;  
Though twenty lustres rolling round  
With rising youth her nation crowned,  
In heart, in hand, should none be found  
Like Theron's honored name.

Yes! we have heard the factious lie.  
But let the babbling vulgar try  
To blot his worth with tyranny.  
Seek thou the ocean strand,—  
And when thy soul would fain record  
The bounteous deeds of yonder lord,  
Go—reckon up the sand.

## III.

## TO THE SAME.

May my solemn strain ascending  
Please the long-haired Helen well,  
And those brave twins of Leda's shell  
The stranger's holy cause defending,  
With whose high name the chorus blending  
To ancient Agragas shall rise,  
And Theron for the chariot prize  
Again, and not in vain, contending.  
The muse in numbers bold and high,  
Hath taught my Dorian note to fly,  
Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony.  
Yes, as I fix mine eager view  
On yonder wreath of paly blue,  
That olive wreath, whose shady round  
Amid the courser's mane is bounded ;  
I feel again the sacred glow  
That bids my strain of rapture flow,  
With shrilly breath of Spartan flute,

The many-voiced harp to suit ;  
And wildly fling my numbers sweet,  
Again mine ancient friend to greet.  
Nor, Pisa, thee I leave unsung ;  
To men the parent of renown.  
Amid whose shady ringlets strung,  
Etolia binds her olive crown ;  
Whose sapling root from Scythian down  
And Ister's fount Alcides bare,  
To deck his parent's hallowed town ;  
With placid brow and suppliant prayer  
Soothing the favored northern seed,  
Whose horny-hoofed victims bleed  
To Phœbus of the flowing hair.

A boon from these the hero prayed :  
One graft of that delightful tree ;  
To Jove's high hill a welcome shade,  
To men a blessed fruit to be,  
And crown of future victory.  
For that fair moon, whose slender light  
With inefficient horn had shone,  
When late on Pisa's airy height  
He reared to Jove the altar stone ;  
Now, through the dappled air, alone,  
In perfect ring of glory bright,

Guided her golden-wheeled throne ;  
The broad and burning eye of night.  
And now the days were told aright,  
When Alpheus, from his sandy source,  
Should judge the champion's eager might,  
And mark of wheels the rolling force.  
Nor yet a tree to cheer the sight  
The Cronian vale of Pelops tore ;  
Obnoxious to the noonday weight  
Of summer suns, a naked shore.

But she who sways the silent sky,  
Latona's own equestrian maid,  
Beheld how far Alcides strayed,  
Bound on adventure strange and high :  
Forth from the glens of Arcady  
To Istrian rocks in ice arrayed  
He urged the interminable race,  
(Such penance had Eurystheus laid,)  
The golden-horned hind to chase,  
Which, grateful for Diana's aid,  
By her redeemed from foul embrace,  
Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.  
Thus, following where the quarry fled,  
Beyond the biting North he past,  
Beyond the regions of the blast,

And all unknown to traveller's tread,  
He saw the blessed land at last.—  
He stopt, he gazed with new delight,  
When that strange verdure met his sight ;  
And soft desire enflamed his soul  
(Where twelve times round the chariots roll,  
To plant with such the Pisan goal.

But now, unseen to mortal eyes,  
He comes to Theron's sacrifice :  
And with him brings to banquet there  
High bosomed Leda's knightly pair.—  
Himself to high Olympus bound,  
To these a latest charge he gave,  
A solemn annual feast to found,  
And of contending heroes round  
To deck the stroug, the swift, the brave.  
Nor doubt I that on Theron's head,  
And on the good Emmenides,  
The sons of Jove their blessings shed ;  
Whom still, with bounteous tables spread,  
That holy tribe delight to please ;  
Observing with religious dread  
The hospitable god's decrees.

But, wide as water passeth earthly clay,  
Or sun-bright gold transcendeth baser ore ;

Wide as from Greece to that remotest shore  
Whose rock-built pillars own Alcides' sway ;  
Thy fame hath passed thine equals ! To explore  
The further ocean all in vain essay,  
Or fools or wise ; here from thy perilous way  
Cast anchor here, my bark ! I dare no more.

## IV.

## TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

O, urging on the tireless speed  
Of Thunder's elemental steed,  
Lord of the world, almighty Jove!  
Since these thine hours have led me forth  
The witness of thy champions' worth,  
And prophet of thine olive grove :  
And since the good thy poet hear,  
And hold his tuneful message dear ;  
Saturnian Lord of Etna hill.  
Whose storm-cemented rocks encage  
The hundred-headed rebel's rage ;  
Accept with favorable will  
The Muse's gift of harmony ;  
The dance, the song, whose numbers high  
Forbid the hero's dame to die,  
A crown of life abiding still.

Hark, round the car of victory,  
Where noble Psaumis sits on high,  
The cheering notes resound ;  
Who vows to swell with added fame

His Camarina's ancient name ;  
With Pisan olive crowned.  
And thou, O father ,hear his prayer,—  
For much I praise the knightly care  
That trains the warrior steed :  
Nor less the hospitable hall  
Whose open doors the stranger call ;  
Yet, praise I Psaumis most of all  
For wise and peaceful rede,  
And patriot love of liberty.  
What ? do we wave the glozing lie ?  
Then whoso list my truth to try,  
The proof be in the deed.

To Lemnos's laughing dames of yore,  
Such was the proof Ernicus bore,  
When, matchless in his speed,  
All brazen-armed the racer hoar,  
Victorious on the applauding shore,  
Sprang to the proffered meed ;  
Bowed to the queen his wreathed head ;  
' Thou seest my limbs are light,' he said ;  
' And, lady, may'st thou know,  
That every joint is firmly strung,  
And hand and heart alike are young ;  
Though treacherous time my locks among  
Have strewed a summer snow.'



## TO THE

**ACCEPT** of these Olympian  
 Daughter of Ocean, rushy  
 The flower of knightly work  
 Which car-borne Psaumis c  
 (Psaumis, the patriot, who  
 Its second author owns,) w  
 Suspend. His praise the t  
 Of the great gods whom he  
 With blood of bulls; the pr  
 Where cars and mules and  
 prize ;  
 And that green garland of re  
 He hallows, virgin daughter  
 And to his sire and ~~house~~

Rearing her goodly bowers on high.  
That now, redeemed from late disgrace,  
The wealthy mother of a countless race,  
She lifts her front in shining majesty.

'T is ever thus, by toil and pain,  
And cumbrous cost, we strive to gain  
Some seeming prize whose issues lie  
In darkness and futurity.  
And y<sup>g</sup>t, if conquest crown our aim,  
Then, foremost in the rolls of fame,  
Even from the envious herd a forced applause  
we claim.

O cloud-enthroned, protecting Jove,  
Who sittest the Cronian cliffs above,  
And Alpheus' ample wave,  
And that dark gloom hast deigned to love  
Of Ida's holy cave.

On softest Lydian notes to thee  
I tune the choral prayer,  
That this thy town, the brave, the free,  
The strong in virtuous energy,  
May feel thine endless care.

And, victor thou, whose matchless might  
The Pisan wreath hath bound,  
Still, Psaumis, be thy chief delight

In generous coursers found.  
Calm be thy latter age, and late  
And gently fall the stroke of fate,  
Thy children standing round.  
And know, when favoring gods have given  
A green old age, a temper even.  
And wealth and fame in store,  
The task were vain to scale the heaven.  
Have those immortals more?

## VI.

## TO AGESIAS OF SYRACUSE.

Who seeks a goodly bower to raise,  
Conspicuous to the stranger's eye,  
With gold the lintel overlays,  
And clothes the porch in ivory.  
    So bright, so bold, so wonderful,  
    The choicest themes of verse I cull,  
To each high song a frontal high.  
But lives there one whose brows around  
The green Olympian wreath is bound ;  
Prophet and priest in those abodes  
Where Pisans laud the sire of gods ;  
And Syracuse's denizen ?—  
Who, 'mid the sons of mortal men,  
While envy's self before his name  
Abates her rage, may fittier claim  
Whate'er a bard may yield of fame ?  
For sure to no forbidden strife,  
In hallowed Pisa's field of praise,

He came, the priest of blameless life.  
Nor who in peace hath past his days,  
Marring with canker sloth his might,  
May hope a name in standing fight,  
Nor in the hollow ship to raise.  
By toil, illustrious toil alone,  
Of elder times the heroes shone;  
And, bought by like emprise, to thee,  
O warrior priest, like honor be,—  
Such praise as good Adrastus bore  
To him, the prophet chief of yore,  
When, snatched from Thebes' accursed fi  
With steed and car and armor bright,  
Down, down he sank to earthly night.

When the fight was ended,  
And the sevenfold pyres  
All their funeral fires  
In one sad lustre blended,

The leader of the host  
Murmured mournfully,  
'I lament for the eye  
Of all mine army lost,—  
To gods and mortals dear,  
Either art he knew;  
Augur tried and true,

strong to wield the spear,  
 and by the powers divine,  
 such praise is justly thine,  
 O Syracusan peer,  
 of a gentle blood thy race is sprung,  
 as she shall truly tell, the muse of honey-  
 tongue.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace,  
 And, Phintis, climb the car with me ;  
 For well they know the path to trace  
 Of yonder victor's pedigree.

Unbar the gates of song, unbar,—  
 For we today must journey far,  
 To Sparta, and to Pitane.

The, mournful nymph, and nursing long  
 Her silent pain and virgin wrong,  
 O Neptune's rape a daughter fair,  
 andadne of the glossy hair,  
 Dark as the violet's darkest shade,)

solitary sorrow bare.

Then to her nurse the infant maid  
 she weeping gave, and bade convey  
 high Phersana's hall away :  
 here woman-grown, and doomed to prove  
 to turn a god's disastrous love,  
 her charms allured the lord of day.

Nor long the months, ere, fierce in pride,  
The painful tokens of disgrace  
Her foster-father sternly eyed,  
Fruit of the furtive god's embrace.

He spake not, but with soul on flame,  
He sought th' unknown offender's name,  
At Phœbus' Pythian dwelling place.

But she, beneath the greenwood spray,  
Her zone of purple silk untied ;  
And flung the silver clasp away  
That rudely pressed her heaving side ;  
While, in the solitary wood,  
Lucina's self to aid her stood,  
And fate a secret force supplied.

But, who the mother's pang can tell,  
As sad and slowly she withdrew,  
And bade her babe a long farewell,  
Laid on a bed of violets blue ?

When ministers of heaven's decree,  
(Dire nurses they and strange to see,)  
Two scaly snakes of azure hue  
Watched o'er his helpless infancy,  
And, rifled from the mountain bee,  
Bare on their forky tongues a harmless ho  
dew.

Swift roll the wheels ! from Delphos home  
Arcadia's car-borne chief is come ;

But, ah, how changed his eye !—  
His wrath is sunk, and past his pride,  
' Where is Evande's babe,' he cried,  
' Child of the deity ?

'T was thus the augur god replied,  
Nor strove his noble seed to hide ;  
And to his favored boy, beside,  
The gift of prophecy,  
And power beyond the sons of men  
The secret things of fate to ken,  
His blessing will supply.'

But, vainly, from his liegemen round,  
He sought the noble child ;  
Who, naked on the grassy ground,  
And nurtured in the wild,  
Was moistened with the sparkling dew  
Beneath his hawthorn bower ;  
Where morn her watery radiance threw,  
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,  
Upon the violet flower.

From that dark bed of breathing bloom  
His mother gave his name ;  
And Iamus, through years to come,



Will live in lasting fame ;  
Who when the blossom of his days,  
Had ripened on the tree,  
From forth the brink where Alpheus strays,  
Invoked the god whose sceptre sways  
The hoarse resounding sea ;  
And, whom the Delian isle obeys,  
The archer deity.  
Alone amid the nightly shade,  
Beneath the naked heaven he prayed,  
And sire and grandsire called to aid ;  
When lo, a voice that loud and dread  
Burst from the horizon free ;  
' Hither,' it spake, ' to Pisa's shore,  
My voice, O son, shall go before,  
Beloved, follow me.'

So in the visions of his sire, he went  
Where Cronium's scarred and barren brow  
Was red with morning's earliest glow,  
Though darkness wrapt the nether element.  
There, in a lone and craggy dell,  
A double spirit on him fell,  
Th' unlying voice of birds to tell,  
And, (when Alcmena's son should found  
The holy games in Elis crowned,)  
By Jove's high altar evermore to dwell,

Prophet and priest!—From him descend  
The fathers of our valiant friend,  
Wealthy alike and just and wise,  
Who trod the plain and open way;  
And who is he that dare despise  
With galling taunt the Cronian prize,  
Or their illustrious toil gainsay,  
Whose chariots whirling twelve times round  
With burning wheels the Olympian ground,  
Have gilt their brow with glory's ray?  
For, not the steams of sacrifice  
From cool Cyllene's height of snow,  
Nor vainly from thy kindred rise  
The heaven-appeasing litanies  
To Hermes, who, to men below,  
Or gives the garland or denies:—  
By whose high aid, Agesias, know,  
And his, the thunderer of the skies,  
The olive wreath hath bound thy brow.

Arcadian! Yes, a warmer zeal  
Shall whet my tongue thy praise to tell.  
I feel the sympathetic flame  
Of kindred love;—a Theban I,  
Whose parent nymph from Arcady  
(Metopce's daughter, Thebe) came.  
Dear fountain goddess, warrior maid,

By whose pure rills my youth hath played ;  
Who now assembled Greece among,  
To car-borne chiefs and warriors strong,  
Have wove the many-colored song.

Then, minstrel, bid thy chorus rise  
To Juno, queen of deities,  
Parthenian lady of the skies,  
For, live there yet who dare defame  
With sordid mirth our country's name,  
Who tax with scorn our ancient line,  
And call the brave Bœotians swine ?—  
Yet, Æneas, sure thy numbers high  
May charm this brutish enmity ;  
Dear herald of the holy muse,  
And teeming with Parnassian dews,  
Cup of untasted harmony, —  
That strain once more.—The chorus raise  
To Syracuse's wealthy praise,  
And his the lord whose happy reign  
Controls Trincria's ample plain,  
    Hiero, the just, the wise,  
    Whose steamy offerings rise  
To Jove, to Ceres, and that darling maid,  
    Whom, rapt in chariot bright,  
    And horses silver-white,  
Down to his dusky bower the lord of hell  
    veyed.

Oft hath he heard the muses' string resound  
His honored name ; and may his latter days,  
With wealth and worth, and minstrel garlands  
crowned,

Mark with no envious ear a subject praise,  
Who now from fair Arcadia's forest wide  
To Syracuse, homeward, from his home  
Returns, a common care, a common pride,—  
(And, whoso darkling braves the ocean foam,  
May safest moored with twofold anchor ride,  
Arcadia, Sicily, on either side  
Guard him with prayer ; and thou who rulest  
the deep,

Fair Amphitrite's lord, in safety keep  
His tossing keel,—and evermore to me  
No meaner theme assign of poesy.



**TRANSLATIONS**

**FROM THE**

**HINDOOSTANEE.**



**SONNET BY THE LATE NAWAB OF  
OUDE, ASUF UD DOWLA.**

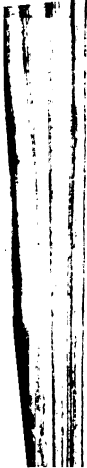
**In those eyes the tears that glisten as in pity for  
my pain,  
Are they gems, or only dew-drops ? can they, will  
they long remain ?**

**Why thy strength of tyrant beauty thus, with  
seeming ruth, restrain ?  
Better breathe my last before thee, than in linger-  
ing grief remain !**

**To yon planet, Fate has given every month to  
wax and wane ;  
And—thy world of blushing brightness—can it,  
will it, long remain ?**

**Health and youth in balmy moisture on thy cheek  
their seat maintain ;  
But—the dew that steeps the rose-bud—can it,  
will it long remain ?**





Chance had joined us  
on earth can

In the world may'st  
from grief and  
On my lips the breath  
long remain ?

FROM THE GULISTAN.

' BROTHER, know the world deceiveth ;  
Trust on him who safety giveth ;  
Fix not on the world thy trust,  
She feeds us—but she turns to dust ;  
And the bare earth or kingly throne  
Alike may serve to die upon.'

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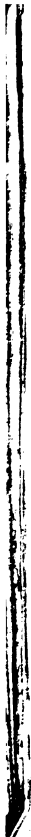
FROM THE SAME.

' The man who leaveth life behind,  
May well and boldly speak his mind ;  
Where flight is none from battle field,  
We blithely snatch the sword and shield ;  
Where hope is past, and hate is strong,  
The wretch's tongue is sharp and long ;  
Myself have seen, in wild despair,  
The feeble cat the mastiff tear.'

## FROM THE SAMI

Who the silent man can pry  
If a fool he be or wise ?  
Yet, though lonely seem the  
Therein may lurk the beast o  
Often bashful looks conceal  
Tongue of fire and heart of s  
And deem not thou, in forest  
Every dappled skin thy prey  
Lest thou rouse, with luckles  
The tiger for the fallow-deer









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